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ETHICS

Stories for HOME AND SCHOOL

DEWEY.

EDUCATIONAL PUBLISHING CO.

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ETHICS.

STORIES

FOR

HOME AND SCHOOL.

WRITTEN AND COMPILED BY

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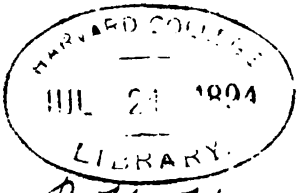
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Prof. P. H. Hanus.

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PREFACE.

This collection of stories is designed to supplement the teacher's instruction in ethics, and to furnish profitable and attractive reading either in the home or the school.

In a few cases when it has not seemed possible to present a moral truth in the guise of an interesting story, incident or poem, a plain and direct homily has been used for that purpose.

An attempt has been made to adapt the reading matter to children of different stages of advancement. It is believed that suitable reading will be found in this book for children of the advanced primary, as well as for two or three grades higher.

Thanks are due the authors and publishers named throughout the book, for their courteous kindness in allowing their stories and publications to be used.

JULIA M. DEWEY.

LOWELL, Mass.

STORIES FOR HOME AND SCHOOL.

CLEANLINESS.

"I guess something dreadful is the matter with Jack," said Dr. Long, one morning, as we were seated at the breakfast table.

Immediately all eyes were directed to Jack, who seemed as much puzzled as the rest of us.

"It must be some terrible disease, and I advise the rest of you not to go near him, or you may catch it," said the doctor.

"Why, what *is* the matter?" we all exclaimed.

"His hands are turning black, and I shouldn't wonder, if, in time, it spread all over him."

By this time we all understood what was meant, and as the laugh went round, Jack left the table to wash his hands. He had been playing marbles, and if he had washed his hands at

all before coming to breakfast, he had dipped only the tip end of his fingers into the water.

That is the way a good many boys wash their hands. They seem to like water when they can drink it, fish in it, swim in it, sail on it, but to bathe in it, is another thing.

Now there are many good reasons why you should all like water for bathing. You can not keep clean without it, and to be healthy you must be clean. Perhaps you do not know that the skin is full of pores. When you are well, these little pores are constantly giving off moisture which is called sweat, or perspiration. You cannot always see this perspiration, as it turns into vapor and disappears. When you are very warm it gathers into drops, and you can see it.

There are other little openings in the skin from which a substance like oil comes. When people do not bathe often, the dust or dirt gathered in different ways mixes with this oily substance, and makes a coating over the pores so that the perspiration cannot get through. This causes sickness. You thus see that in order to keep well you must keep clean.

There are other good reasons for keeping clean. Good people will not like you unless you are clean. Do *you* like to be near those people who are not clean? Do you wish to touch them? Do you think well of them? Do you love them? Can one who has not a clean body have a clean heart?

A wise man once said "Cleanliness is next to godliness."

TOM, THE WATER-BABY.

Once upon a time there was a little chimney-sweep, and his name was Tom. That is a short name and you have heard it before, so you will not have much trouble in remembering it.

He lived in a great town in the North country where there were plenty of chimneys to sweep. He could not read nor write, and did not care to do either, and he never washed himself, for there was no water up the court where he lived. Tom and his master, Mr. Grimes, set out one morning for Hawthorn Place where they were to sweep the chimneys. Mr. Grimes rode the donkey in front, and Tom and the brushes walked behind.

Old Mrs. Earth was fast asleep; and like many pretty people, she looked still prettier asleep than awake.

The great elm trees in the gold-green meadows were fast asleep above, and the cows fast asleep beneath them; nay, the few clouds which were about were fast asleep likewise, and so tired that they had laid down on the earth to rest, in long white flakes and bars, among the stems of the elm-trees, and along the tops of the alders

by the stream, waiting for the sun to bid them rise and go about their day's business in the clear blue overhead.

Tom had never been so far into the country before. He longed to get over a gate and pick buttercups, but Mr. Grimes was a man of business, and would not have heard of that.

Soon they came up with a poor Irish woman, trudging along with a bundle at her back. She had a gray shawl over her head, and a crimson, madder petticoat.

She had neither shoes nor stockings, and limped along as if she were tired and footsore; but she was a very tall, handsome woman, with bright gray eyes, and heavy black hair hanging about her cheeks.

And she took Mr. Grimes's fancy so much, that when he came alongside he called out to her,—

"This is a hard road for a gradely foot like that. Will ye up, lass, and ride behind me?"

But, perhaps she did not admire Mr. Grimes's looks and voice, for she answered quietly,—

"No, thank you; I'd sooner walk with your little lad here."

"You may please yourself," growled Mr. Grimes, and went on.

So she walked beside Tom, and asked him where he lived and all about himself, till Tom thought he had never met such a pleasant-spoken woman.

Then he asked her where she lived; and she said far away by the sea that lay still in bright, summer days, for the children to bathe and play in it. And Tom longed to go and see the sea and bathe in it.

At last they came to a spring, bubbling and gurgling, so clear that you could not tell where the water ended and the air began.

There Grimes stopped, got off his donkey, and clambered over the low road-wall, and knelt down, and began dipping his ugly head into the spring; and very dirty he made it.

Tom was picking the flowers as fast as he could. The Irish woman helped him. But when he saw Grimes actually wash, he stopped, quite astonished; and when Grimes had finished, and began shaking his ears to dry them, he said,—

"My, master, I never saw you do that before."

"Nor will you again, most likely. 'Twasn't

for cleanliness I did it, but for coolness. I'd be ashamed to want washing every week or so, like any smutty collier-lad."

"I wish I might go and dip my head in," said poor little Tom. "It must be as good as putting it under the town-pump, and there is no beadle here to drive a chap away.

"Thou come along," said Grimes. "What dost thou want with washing thyself?"

Grimes was very sulky, because the woman preferred Tom's company to his, and he began beating him.

"Are you not ashamed of yourself, Thomas Grimes?" cried the Irish woman, over the wall.

Grimes seemed quite cowed, and got on his donkey without another word.

"Stop," said the Irish woman. "I have one more word. *Those that wish to be clean, clean they will be; and those that wish to be foul, foul they will be. Remember.*"

How many chimneys Tom swept at Hawthorn Place, I cannot say, but he swept so many that he got quite tired, and lost his way in them; and coming down, as he thought, the right chimney, he came down the wrong one, and found

himself standing on the hearth-rug in a room the like of which he had never seen before.

The room was all dressed in white; white window-curtains, white bed-curtains, white chairs, and white walls, with just a few lines of pink here and there.

The next thing he saw was a washing-stand with ewers and basins, and soap and brushes, and towels; and a large bath full of clean water. And then looking toward the bed, he held his breath with astonishment.

Under the snow-white coverlet, upon the snow-white pillow, lay the most beautiful little girl that Tom had ever seen. Her cheeks were almost as white as the pillow, and her hair was like threads of gold spread all about over the bed.

"She never could have been dirty," thought Tom to himself. And then he thought, "Are all people like that when they are washed?" And he looked at his own wrist, and tried to rub the soot off, and wondered whether it ever would come off. "Certainly I should look much prettier, if I grew at all like her."

And looking round, he suddenly saw, stand-

ing close to him, a little, ugly, black, ragged figure, with bleared eyes, and grinning white teeth. He turned on it angrily. What did such a little black ape want in that sweet young lady's room? And behold, it was himself reflected in a great mirror, the like of which Tom had never seen before.

And Tom, for the first time in his life, found out that he was dirty and burst into tears with shame and anger. He turned to sneak up the chimney again and hide, and upset the fender, and threw the fire-irons down, with a great noise.

Under the window spread a tree, with great leaves and sweet white flowers, and Tom went down the tree like a cat, and across the garden towards the woods.

The under-gardener, mowing, saw Tom, and threw down his scythe, and gave chase to poor Tom. The dairy-maid heard the noise, jumped up and gave chase to Tom. Grimes upset the soot-sack in the new gravelled yard and spoilt it all utterly; but he ran out and gave chase to Tom.

The ploughman left his horses at the head-

land, and one jumped over the fence, and pulled the other into the ditch, plough and all; but he ran on and gave chase to Tom. Sir John looked out of his study window, and he ran out and gave chase to Tom. The Irish woman too, was walking up to the house to beg; she must have got round by some by-way; but she threw away her bundle and gave chase to Tom likewise.

Tom ran on and on, and when he stopped to look around, he said, "Why, what a big place the world is;" for he was far away from Hawthorn, having left the gardener, and the dairymaid, and the groom, and Sir John, and Grimes and the ploughman all behind.

Through the wood he could see a clear stream glance, and far, far away the river widened to the shining sea, and this is the song Tom heard the river sing:—

Clear and cool, clear and cool,
By laughing shallow, and dreaming pool;
Cool and clear, cool and clear,
By shining shingle, and foaming weir
Under the crag where the ouzel sings,
And the ivied wall where the church bell rings,

Undefiled, for the undefiled;
Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child.

Strong and free, strong and free,
The flood-gates are open away to the sea;
Free and strong, free and strong,
Cleansing my streams as I hurry along;
To the golden sands, and the leaping bar,
And the taintless tide that awaits me afar,
As I lose myself in the infinite main,
Like a soul that has sinned and is pardoned again.
Undefiled, for the undefiled;
Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child.

Then he fell asleep and dreamed that the little white lady called to him, "Oh, you're so dirty; go and be washed;" and then he heard the Irish woman say; "They that wish to be clean, clean they will be."

And all of a sudden he found himself between sleep and awake, in the middle of the meadow, saying continually, "I must be clean, I must be clean." And he went to the bank of the brook and lay down on the grass and looked into the clear water, and dipped his hand in, and found it so cool, cool, cool; and he said again, "I must be clean, I must be clean." And he put his

poor, hot, sore feet into the water; and then his legs. "Ah," said Tom, "I must be quick and wash myself."

And all the while he never saw the Irish woman.

But just before he came to the riverside she stepped down into the cool, clear water; and her shawl and her petticoat floated off her, and the green water-weeds floated round her sides, and the white water-lilies floated round her head, and the fairies of the stream came up from the bottom, and bore her away and down upon their arms; for she was the queen of them all, and perhaps of more besides.

"Where have you been?" they cried.

"I have been smoothing sick folk's pillows, and whispering sweet dreams into their ears; opening cottage casements to let out the stifling air; coaxing little children away from gutters and foul pools; doing all I can to help those who will not help themselves; and little enough that is and weary work for me. But I have brought you a new little brother, and watched him safe all the way here."

But Tom did not see or hear this, for he had

not been in the water two minutes before he fell fast asleep, into the quietest, sunniest, coziest sleep that he ever had in his life. The reason of his delightful sleep is very simple; the fairies had taken him.

Ah, now comes the most wonderful part of this wonderful story. Tom, when he woke, — for of course he woke; children always wake after they have slept exactly as long as is good for them, — found himself turned into a water-baby.

And now happened to Tom a most wonderful thing; he came upon a water-baby.

A real, live water-baby, sitting on the white sand, very busy about a little point of rock. And when it saw Tom it looked up for a moment, and then cried, "Why, you are not one of us! You are a new baby! Oh, how delightful!"

And it ran to Tom, and Tom ran to it, and they hugged and kissed each other for ever so long, they did not know why.

At last Tom said, "Oh, where have you been all this while?"

"We have been here for days and days. There are hundreds of us about the rocks."

"Now," said the baby, "come and help me, or I shall not have finished before my brothers and sisters come, and it is time to go home."

"What shall I help you at?"

"At this poor, dear little rock; a great clumsy boulder came rolling by in the last storm, and knocked all its head off, and rubbed off all its flowers. And now I must plant it again with sea-weeds, and I will make it the prettiest little rock-garden on all the shore."

So they worked away at the rock, and planted it and smoothed the sand down round it, and capital fun they had till the tide began to turn. And then Tom heard all the other babies coming, laughing and singing, and shouting and romping; and the noise they made was just like the noise of the ripple.

And in they came, dozens and dozens of them, some bigger than Tom and some smaller, all in the neatest little white bathing-dresses; and when they found that he was a new baby, they hugged him and kissed him, and then put him in the middle and danced round him on the sand, and there was no one ever so happy as poor little Tom.

"Now then," they cried, all at once, "we must come away home, or the tide will leave us dry. We have mended all the broken sea-weed and put all the rock-pools in order, and planted all the shells again in the sand, and nobody will see where the storm swept in last week."

* * * * * * * *

And this is the reason why the rock-pools are always so neat and clean; because the water-babies come in shore after every storm to sweep them out, and comb them down, and put them all to rights again.

— CHARLES KINGSLEY.

TWO PICTURES.

Once upon a time a new house was built. In this house were two rooms occupied by a brother and sister, Bert and Alice.

Their mother had taken great pains to make these rooms nice and comfortable.

There were large south windows in them that they might get the sunshine. There were ventilators to keep the air pure. There was a closet opening out of each room in which were hooks and drawers for clothing. There were book-shelves and paper-racks.

Besides these useful things there were pictures and many other things to make the rooms pretty and attractive.

When Alice first saw her room after it was ready to be occupied, she was delighted.

"How lovely it is and how lovely of you, dear mother, to make it so!"

Her mother replied, "I shall feel repaid for all the trouble I have taken if you keep your room in good order."

"I promise you, mother, to keep it 'spick and span,' just as it is now."

Bert was as much pleased as Alice and made the same promise, although he had doubts as to whether he could keep it.

One morning, not long after, when Bert and Alice had gone to school, their mother thought she would take a peep at their rooms to see how well they had kept their promises. She looked at Alice's room first. The floor was clean, the bed nicely made, the curtains carefully drawn, the books in their places on the shelves, clothes hung in the closet, bureau drawers in perfect order, the chairs and other furniture dustless.

Then she passed on to Bert's room. Here is a picture of it. Floor covered with papers, shoes, boxes and various other things; curtains fastened up any way; the bed, a museum consisting of a sun-glass, a magnet, a box of bird's eggs, a fishing rod, a collection of postage stamps, *et cetera;* books anywhere but on the shelves. It looked as if there had been a cyclone in the room.

"Why, Bert," said his mother, when he came home from school," you haven't kept your promise as Alice has." Poor Bert hung his head and said something about its being easy for girls to be orderly.

"It is just as easy and just as necessary for boys to be orderly as for girls. By-and-by, Bert, if you are successful in business or in anything you undertake you will need to be orderly, and I am disappointed that you have not begun to learn how to be so, by trying to keep your room in order.

"Will you promise to try again, Bert?"

Bert promised. Will all the "Berts" who read this story make the same promise?

THE BOY WHO WAS ALWAYS LATE.

Jingle-de, jingle-de, jing, jing, jing!

Davy opened his sleepy eyes as the rising bell broke in upon his dreams. He remembered his mother's last words to him the night before, as she wished him good-night.

"Davy, *can* you get up in time to-morrow morning to eat breakfast with the rest of us?"

He lay for a moment thinking how pleased his mother would be to see him first at the table, and then he glanced out of the window to see if the snow had come. Then he wondered if his father would remember his promise to give them all a sleigh ride. Visions of a snow fort rose before his half-closed eyes, and lo, he was in the land of Nod again!

In his dreams a terrific battle was fought over the fort in which he was both leader and victor.

He was really having a glorious time when he was roused by his mother's voice.

"Davy, are you never coming to breakfast?"

"Yes, I'm coming, mother," and then he closed his eyes and tried to go on with his dream. He

would just finish out that dream, it was so jolly! Jingle-de, jingle-de, jing, jing, jing!

"Oh, I must get up, or I shall lose my breakfast!" and off he dozed again.

Suddenly he started up with his eyes wide open. Forty breakfast bells couldn't make such a ringing as that! He sprang out of bed and ran to the window. There stood a double sleigh at the door in which all the family but Davy were seated. As soon as they finished tucking the robes around them, off they dashed with jingling bells and merry laughter. Davy was an unhappy boy all that day.

"You punished yourself, Davy," said his mother. "We tried to get you up in time. Of course none of us enjoyed the drive very much because you were not with us."

It was a hard lesson for Davy, but a good one. It broke him of the bad habit of always being late.

He that riseth late shall trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night. Laziness travels so slowly that Poverty soon overtakes him.

—POOR RICHARD.

THE NAUGHTY FAIRIES.

There are two or three naughty fairies
Who lurk in our pretty house;
They are sly as the wily foxes,
And one is still as a mouse;
And one can growl and mutter,
And one has a chain on her feet,
These naughty and mischievous fairies
Whom you have happened to meet.

The still-as-a-mouse one whispers
When a bit of work must be done,
"Oh, just let it go till to-morrow,
And take to-day for fun!"
And the mutter-and-growl one pricks you
Till you pucker your face in a scowl,
Or whimper and fret in a corner,
Or stand on the floor and howl.

But the worst of these bad fairies
Is the one with the chain on her feet,
And the strangest thing is her fancy
For a child who is gay and sweet;
She makes her forget an errand,
And loiter when she should haste,
And many a precious hour
She causes the child to waste.

Should you happen to see these fairies,
Please pass them proudly by
With lips set close and firmly,
And a flash in your steadfast eye;
For three very naughty people
These little fairies be
Who mean, wherever they're hiding,
No good to you or me.

— MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

From Harper's Young People, Copyright 1888, by Harper Brothers.

Five minutes late and the school is begun;
What are rules for, if you break everyone?
Just as the scholars are seated and quiet,
You hurry in with disturbance and riot.
Why did you loiter so long by the way?
All of the classes are formed for the day;
Hurry and pick up your reader and slate —
Room at the foot for the scholar that's late.

— MRS. M. L. RAYNE.

INDUSTRY.

The other day I was in the garden, looking at the flowers, and as I was about to pick one, a bee came buzzing along and alighted on the flower near my hand.

I quickly took my hand away for fear of being stung, but the bee, evidently, had no intention of hurting me. It was only intent on getting the honey out of the flower. After exhausting the sweets of that flower, it buzzed off to another and another, and as long as I stood and watched it, it kept at work every minute.

I suppose when the bee had gathered as much honey as it could carry, it flew home and left it, and came back for more. I expect it buzzed around those flowers as long as they were open, or as long as it could gather anything sweet from them.

Now, a bee is a very tiny little thing, but I couldn't help thinking, as I watched it, that it knew more than some people. There was no grumbling in its buzzing. It didn't stop and play half the time. It seemed to have no thought of putting off the honey gathering until to-mor-

rŏw. It just worked every minute, and all the while sang its own happy song, as it flitted from flower to flower.

Children, when you have work to do, the very best and quickest way to do it, is to keep steadily working until it is completed.

Everybody has work to do. You young people must work in school, in order to learn.

You must work at home when it is necessary. If you work industriously, that is without stopping to play, your work will be sooner and better done, and you will enjoy your play all the more, and have more time for it.

AMY STEWART.

There was once a little girl named Amy Stewart, who liked to play all day in the garden among the flowers and birds. She said they talked to her.

One day her mother said, "You are old enough now, Amy, to do a little work, and you must begin early to be industrious."

"Oh, mamma! I do not like to work; may I not go in the woods and play before I begin work?

"As I have nothing ready for you to do just now, you may go for a little while," said her mother.

So Amy ran out of doors. A pretty gray squirrel ran across her path, and she called to him, saying:

"Dear Squirrel, you have nothing to do but play and eat nuts, have you?"

"Yes," said Mr. Squirrel, "I have a large family to support, and I am busy laying up nuts for the winter, so I can not stop to play with you."

Just then a bee came buzzing by. Amy said:

"Little Bee, do you have any work to do?"

"It seems to me I have no time for anything but work, getting honey and making the honeycomb."

Amy now saw an ant carrying off a crumb of bread.

"Is not that crumb too heavy for you? I wish you would drop it and play with me."

"It is heavy, but I am too glad to get it not to be willing to carry it; but I will stop long enough to tell you of a lazy day we once had. Our home was destroyed, and I was too lazy to help rebuild it; and I said to my brother, 'Let us go and travel; perhaps we will find a house ready-made; perhaps the butterflies will play with us.' We traveled a long way, but we found no ready-made house, and at last were obliged to build one for ourselves. Since then we have been contented to do all the work that we find necessary."

The Ant then picked up the crumb of bread and hurried away.

Amy sat down on a stone and thought: "It seems to me all creatures have some work to do, and they seem to like it; but I do not believe Flowers have anything to do.

So she walked up to a Red Poppy and said:

"Beautiful Red Poppy, do flowers work?"

"Of course we do," said the poppy. "I have to take great care to gather all the red rays the good Sun sends down to me, and I must keep them in my silken petals for you to use, and the green rays must be untangled and held by my glossy leaves, and my roots must drink water, my flowers must watch the days not to let the seed-time pass by—ah, my child, I assure you we are a busy family and that is why we are so happy."

Amy walked slowly homeward and said to her mother:

"The Squirrels, Bees, Ants, and even the Flowers have something to do. I am the only idle one. Please give me some work to do."

Then her mother brought her a towel to hem, which she had begun so long before that she had quite forgotten it. She worked very faithfully and in time grew to be an industrious woman, and always said that work made her happier than idleness.

—SELECTED.

A FABLE.

A grass-hopper, half-starved with cold and hunger, came to a well-stored bee-hive at the approach of winter, and humbly begged the bees to relieve his wants with a few drops of honey.

One of the bees asked him how he had spent his time all the summer, and why he had not laid up a store of food like them.

"Truly," said he, "I spent my time very merrily in drinking, and dancing, and singing, and never thought about the winter."

"Our plan is very different," said the bee. "We work hard in summer, to lay by a store of food against the season when we foresee that we shall want it; but those who do nothing but drink, and dance, and sing, in the summer, must expect to starve in winter."

This fable teaches that if we spend our time in idleness we shall surely come to want.

Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry makes all things easy.

Since thou art not sure of a minute, throw not away an hour.

— BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

HOW ABRAHAM LINCOLN TAUGHT HIMSELF.

When Abraham Lincoln was young he had not the chance which the boys and girls of to-day have of attending school. But he was very anxious to learn, and wherever he was, at every chance he could get, he was reading or studying.

In the winter evenings he sat in the chimney-corner and ciphered on the wooden fire-shovel, by the light of the blazing logs. When the shovel was covered with figures, he would shave them off with his father's knife and begin again.

"He read every book he could lay hands on," said his step-mother; and when he came across a passage that struck him, he would write it on boards, if he had no paper, and keep it there, until he was so fortunate as to get some paper. Then he would look at it, write it, and repeat it until he committed it to memory.

Lost, yesterday, somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered, for they are gone forever.

—HORACE MANN.

THE WATER-LILY.

There was once a boy who was very fond of pictures. There were not many pictures for him to look at, for his mother, who was a widow, lived on the borders of one of the great American forests. She had come out from England with her husband, and now that he was dead, the few pictures hanging on her walls were almost the only luxuries she possessed.

Her son would often spend his holidays in trying to copy them; but as he had very little patience, he often threw his half-finished drawings away, and once he was heard to say that he wished some kind-hearted fairy would take it in hand and finish it for him.

One day the boy wandered toward the forest, till he came to the brink of a sheet of water. How delightful it was to see the sun red and glorious between the black trunks of the pine trees! Then he looked up into the abyss of clear sky overhead, and thought how beautiful it was to see the little frail clouds folded over one another like a belt of rose-colored waves. Then he drew still nearer to the water, and saw

how they were all reflected down there among the leaves and flowers of the lilies; and he wished he were a painter, for he said to himself, "I am sure there are no trees in the world with such beautiful leaves as these pines; I am sure there are no other clouds in the world so lovely as these; I know this is the sweetest piece of water in the world, and if I could paint it every one else would know it too."

He gathered a lily, sat down with it in his hand and tried hard to make a correct sketch of it in a blank leaf of his copy-book. But soon he threw down the book, and looking into the cup of the lily, said to it in a sorrowful voice:

"Ah! what use is there in trying to copy anything so beautiful as you are? How much I wish I were a painter!"

As he said these words he felt a slight quivering in the flower; and while he looked, the cluster of stamens at the bottom of the cup floated upward and glittered like a crown of gold; the dewdrops which hung upon them changed into diamonds before his eyes; the white petals flowed together; the tall pistil was a golden wand; and the next moment a beauti-

ful little creature stood upon his hand clad in a robe of purest white, and scarcely taller than the flower from which she sprang.

"Child, are you happy?" asked the fairy?"

"No," said the boy," because I want to paint, and I cannot."

"How do you know that you cannot?"

"Oh, fairy!" replied the boy, "because I have tried a great many times. It is of no use trying any longer."

"What if I were to help you?"

"There would then, indeed, be some chance for me."

"I know of a powerful charm," said the fairy. "but it is one which requires a great deal of care and patience in the working, and I cannot give it to you unless you will promise the most perfect obedience to my directions."

"I promise with all my heart," said the boy.

"Then carry this key to the nearest pine tree, strike the trunk with it and a magic door will open. Slip in your hand, and you will bring out a wonderful palette.

"You must be very careful to paint with colors from that palette every day, and I promise you,

that if you do not break the spell, you shall in a few years, be able to produce as beautiful a copy of these flowers as can be wished, your name shall become famous, and your pictures admired on both sides of the Atlantic."

Who would not like to have a fairy friend? Who would not like to work with a magic palette? The boy worked very hard and it was astonishing how soon he improved. His deep, heavy outlines soon became light and clear; and his coloring began to take on a transparent delicacy.

He was so delighted with the fairy present that he spent nearly all his leisure time in using it, and often passed whole days beside the sheet of water in the forest.

He painted it when the sun shone and it was spotted all over with the reflection of fleeting white clouds; he painted it covered with water-lilies rocking on the ripples; by moonlight, when two or three stars in the empty sky shone down upon it; and at sunset, when it lay trembling like liquid gold.

After a few years the world began to admire his pictures and to seek his company. He was

considered a great man and honors flowed in upon him. It happened one day, that he came to a great city where there was a large collection of pictures. Among them he saw many of his own. All the people and all the painters praised them. But there was one that they liked better than the others.

It was a picture of a little child holding in its hand several beautiful water-lilies. As he sat looking at it and trying to think over again some of the thoughts he had had when he painted it, something lightly touched his hand. He looked up and the kind fairy was at his side.

"O wonderful fairy!" said the painter, "do not vanish before I have had time to thank you for your magic gift. I have nothing to offer in return but my gratitude, for the gold of this world is useless to you who have no wants that it can supply. I can only thank you for your goodness. But tell me, at least, your name, that I may cut it on a ring and wear it always on my finger."

"My name," replied the fairy "is Perseverence."

—JEAN INGELOW.

ECONOMY.

You do not own a great deal, my children. All that you have you owe to your parents.

It can easily be seen, however, if you show a disposition to exercise economy.

The thoughtful child does not forget that his parents take care of him, that they feed and clothe him, his brothers and his sisters. He discovers that they often deprive themselves in order that their children shall want nothing.

These thoughts lead him to use with care his clothes, his books, his playthings.

The economical child is also the one who does not spend without thought the little money which his parents give him on some holiday, or to reward him for having worked well.

"A sou is a sou," said a mother to her son who asked for a little money to buy something which only cost that small sum.

The poor woman knew that a sou is something which is gained by work, and she wished to teach her boy not to waste what his parents had been troubled to get.

"A man who does not know how to save

according to what he gains," said Franklin, "will die without leaving a sou, after having passed all his life with his nose at the grindstone.

If you wish to be rich, take care of all you get. A small leak will sink a great ship."

—EDUCATION MORALE.

"A penny saved is two pence clear,
A pin a day is a groat a year."

A very wise man, Benjamin Franklin, wrote this rhyme many years ago. What he meant is that when we have learned to save a penny it is worth much more than the penny itself, for knowing how to save one penny we shall be apt to save more and more and become economical as we ought to be.

He also meant that we should be economical in small things as well as in great. If we cannot save dollars, most of us can save a penny now and then, and it does not take a great while for the pennies to count up to the hundreds.

In most places there are savings banks where small sums of five cents and upward are received and sometimes kept until the sum becomes quite

large. How pleasant it must be for boys and girls who save their money, or a part of it, in this way, and thus have a bank account, from which they can draw when they most need.

If we wish to become wealthy, or to keep from being poor, we must think not only of how much we can earn, but also of how much we can save.

Benjamin Franklin says again,—

"If you would be wealthy, think of saving as well as of getting."

THAT DROPPED STITCH.

A little old woman
With silver-rimmed "specs,"
Quite daintily dressed
In the cleanest of checks,
Was sitting alone in a tower so high
That it seemed like a needle piercing the sky.

There she had sat
For — oh, ever so long!
Knitting and singing
A sweet, little song.
And she said, while her face was all puckered with smiles,
"I'll soon have enough, for I've knit twenty miles.

She had needles all round her
And yarn in her shoe,
And she had a partic-
Ular object in view.
Being awfully tired of perpetual sitting,
She meant to climb down on her long piece of knitting.

The knitting hangs free
From the wide-open casement;
The end of it reaches
Almost to the basement.
She cheerfully knits, and remarks as she sings,
"By means of this knitting, I'll do without wings."

At last she got near
To the end of her work;
The swift needles flew
In and out with a jerk,
When, some knot in the worsted producing a hitch,
This cheerful and pleasant old girl dropped a stitch.

She finished her line,
Never minding her error;
Tied it fast, and then started,
When oh! to her terror,
It began, where the stitch had been dropped, to unravel,
And rapidly down toward the earth did she travel!

At first fast, and then faster,
The knitting unwound,
And faster and faster
She fell to the ground,
Whirled over and over, and heavily dropped;
Poor soul! how she wished on her window she'd stopped!

So, children, be thorough,
Whatever you do,
For a similar trouble
Might happen to you.
In performing your duties don't offer to shirk
But be careful no stitches are dropped in your work.

—R. S. TALCOTT.

"What is worth doing at all is worth doing well."

A TEMPERANCE LECTURE.

I presume many of the boys and girls who read this lecture belong to a temperance society, and if so, have signed a pledge, and by signing that pledge have promised not to drink liquor. I am very glad if any have made that promise, and I hope you will keep it always. Perhaps some have also promised not to use tobacco. That is a good promise to be made and kept. But to be truly temperate one must be moderate in all things. Many a boy and girl who would never think of using liquor or tobacco, do not hesitate to be greedy at the table. Most any of you will eat candy, or some dainty of which you are very fond until it makes you ill. Did you ever think that this is intemperance, and almost as bad as drinking liquor? To be sure it does not intoxicate you, but it injures your health and makes your brain dull. You better add to your pledge,

"*I will not eat too much!*"

Many a boy and girl, who would neither drink nor smoke, do not hesitate to run and jump and play until their strength is overtaxed, and they

are unfitted for work or study. Such boys and girls better take another pledge:

"*I will not play too much!*"

Very few children hesitate to say "I'm tired to death," or "I'd give a million dollars for such a thing," or "Such a thing is perfectly horrible," when they are *not* tired to death, and they have *not* a million to give, and things are *not* horrible at all. Such children better study temperance in the use of words.

Many children are not careful how they repeat what they hear. What is a very little matter at first grows larger and larger by being repeated, until there is no truth left in it. Such children better sign a pledge promising to be truthful.

Many of you, who would be shocked even to see another person put a glass of liquor to his lips, will, for the slightest reason, fly into an angry passion, and perhaps use the sharpest and most unkind words, and possibly follow them by blows. Would it not be a good plan to sign a pledge promising to keep from anger?

Many of you become impatient when you are obliged to deny yourselves some pleasure, or when you have work that is not agreeable. You

scowl and fret because you cannot have your own way in everything. Take a pledge and keep it in trying to be patient.

Suppose you signed all the following pledges, which would be the most difficult to keep? I promise to try with all my heart:

Not to use intoxicating drink;

Not to use tobacco;

Not to use bad words;

To tell the truth;

To keep from anger;

To be patient.

I know you will say the first two are much easier to be kept than the rest. But the keeping of those two will not make you temperate. Be moderate in all things, and then you will be temperate.

WINGS.

A little child with blue eyes and yellow hair walked slowly down the garden path. All along the way she had chased a gay butterfly which wavered idly ahead of her, looking into one flower and smelling of another and folding its wings with a little fanning motion as it rested on the tip of a leaf, until suddenly as her hand almost touched it, away it went like a petal blown upward by the summer wind, and she saw it no more.

The child went on across the little brook to the cabbage garden; and then she clasped both hands behind her, and leaned over to watch a caterpillar that was making tiny notches on the edge of a leaf.

"How do you do, Mr. Caterpillar?" she asked, kindly. "Do you know that you are going to be a butterfly?"

"No, indeed!" replied the grub, ungraciously. "I am eating my breakfast now, and then I shall eat my dinner, and after that my supper."

"But that will help make you into a butterfly, you know. Soon you will spin a little nar-

row brown house for yourself, and shut yourself tight into it, and be nothing at all but a sort of brown stick till the right time comes, and then you'll have wings."

The caterpillar crawled over to a fresh spot on the leaf and took another good bite.

"If I'm to have wings,— which I don't believe,"— he grumbled, "I'd like them in a hurry. I don't know how to spin, and I wouldn't if I could."

"Oh yes, you would!" said the child, touching the creature gently with one small finger. "It's worth all the trouble of learning. You can sip honey from the flowers then, instead of eating cabbage, and sail up away into the blue with your pretty wings. My butterfly did."

"I'll eat all the faster, then, and make my wings now," mumbled the caterpillar, with its mouth full of cabbage; I'll eat all there is."

"But you can't, you know," said the little one, still bending over the leaf. "That would be greedy, not to leave any for the others."

"I can't help it. I'll just eat and eat, and sleep and sleep till I feel my wings. I can plan better for myself than to spin a house and shut myself

in. A pretty house, indeed! So run away and don't hinder me for I'm going around this leaf before I sleep."

"I wish I hadn't told you," said the child.

"But you have, you see; and now I shall make things to suit myself. I never give up. If I can be a butterfly I'll just think about it and do it in my own way. I'll have my wings the color of your hair, if you don't mind."

"I don't mind," said the little one as she turned away, "but you may have to take what you can get."

It was many days before the child went searching for the caterpillar in the cabbage garden. There was no sign of it anywhere. But as she brushed past the notched leaf, something brown and hard rolled off the stem where it had fallen, and she picked it up and carried it carefully to a spot of sunshine. But there were no wings. Neither was there a little brown spun house. The caterpillar was dead.

"Poor thing! poor thing!" sighed the little one. "But you were real greedy and selfish, you know. I wonder — I wonder if that is the reason why you never, never can have wings!"

—ALIN YATES KEITH.

DICK AND JERRY.

One morning two boys started off to school together. They had always been good friends.

They walked to school together nearly every morning. They played together on Saturday.

They usually shared oranges and candy with each other.

But this morning they were both a little cross. As they walked along Jerry said, "Where is the slate pencil I lent you yesterday?"

Dick replied, "You didn't lend it to me, you gave it to me."

"I didn't."

"Yes, you did."

It is not best to repeat all their angry words.

Blows followed the words. Neither could tell who struck the first blow, but they both fought with all their might. Dick was thrown to the ground and before he could get up, Jerry's boot came heavily down on his back. Dick at first cried out with pain, but after that he was very still.

Jerry who was yet angry, turned away from him and walked toward the school-house. As

he looked back and saw that Dick did not move he called out, "You better come on or you will be late for school."

Still Dick did not move.

At this Jerry was frightened and ran back, and when he saw Dick's white face he began to be sorry he had struck him.

He said, "Get up, Dick, and come to school. I did not mean to hurt you."

But Dick only moaned with pain.

Jerry then tried to help him up, but Dick groaned and sank back to the ground.

A team passed by just then, and the driver, seeing Dick, lifted him into his wagon and sent Jerry for the doctor.

For weeks and weeks poor Dick lay in his bed, helpless. Then he began to sit in a chair and after a little while to walk a few steps on crutches. When the doctor decided that he would never walk except on crutches, think how Jerry felt!

And all this trouble came from a quarrel over so little a thing as a slate pencil!

It was a hard lesson for Jerry, but when he realized that it was anger, that had brought

all the trouble, he resolved ever after to restrain his anger as far as it was in his power, and he never struck a person again in his whole life. When he found Dick could never be strong and well again, he made up his mind it was his work in life to do all he could to make him comfortable and happy. If he had done wrong he meant to do all he could to make it up. Never was a boy more kind and thoughtful than he was. He took time which other boys used in play and stayed with Dick and read to him, or told him of the school and other things which he liked to hear.

If he had anything choice and good, his first thought was to take it to Dick. When he grew to be a man and had money of his own, he bought Dick the best pair of crutches he could find, and a lovely easy chair, and good books to read. He did all he could to show Dick how sorry he was.

And how did Dick feel toward Jerry? Why, there was no one he loved so well.

He called him his dearest friend.

Dick felt sorry, of course, that he could not be a strong man and work as other men did, but

he said, "I can be pretty happy as long as Jerry loves me."

You who read this story may never, in your anger, do so dreadful a thing as did Jerry. Still, you will sometimes get angry and do that for which you will be sorry. *Try* to restrain your anger.

But if you should get angry and say or do that which hurts anyone, be brave enough to show your sorrow, and try to make up for what you have done.

If in anger, you should say what you ought not to parents, teachers, schoolmates, or friends, and then should regret it, do not be afraid to say so. It is about the best and bravest thing you can do, to say you are sorry for wrong doing, and are ready to make up for it as far as possible.

"Let mildness ever attend thy tongue."

MISS BRIER.

Little Miss Brier came out of the ground;
She put out her thorns and scratched every thing round;
"I'll just try," said she
"How bad I can be,
At pricking and scratching but few can match me."

Little Miss Brier was looking one day
At her neighbor, the Violet, over the way;
"I wonder," said she
"That no one pets me,
While all are so glad little Violet to see."

A sober old Linnet who sat on a tree,
Heard the speech of the Brier, and thus answered he;
"'Tis not that she's fair,
For you may compare,
In beauty with even Miss Violet there."

But Violet is always so pleasant and kind,
So gentle in manner, so humble in mind;
E'en the worms at her feet
She would never ill treat,
And to Bird, Bee and Butterfly always is sweet.

— ANNA BACHE.

KINDNESS.

You all know what kindness is. If you cannot tell it in words, you know what it is, because you have both given and received it.

There are many ways in which you can show kindness, and many people to whom you ought to show it. It does not always consist in giving money to the needy. It is oftener shown by doing that which does not cost a penny.

You all like to receive a "Good morning," when given with a smile and a pleasant voice. Suppose you should give just this to one who is ill and sad. It might brighten a whole day for him.

You should be especially kind to the sick. It is not always best to see them, but you can send a flower, or a dainty bit of food or fruit, or even a pleasant word of inquiry.

Sometimes there are strangers in your midst who feel very lonely because away from home and friends. Imagine how you would like to be treated, were you in their places.

The old and feeble should be treated with the greatest kindness. There ought to be some-

thing down deep in your hearts that will not let you treat them in any other way. Remember, also, that you will be old yourself, sometime.

You should be kind to poor people. They may be peculiar in dress or manner, but you should be sorry for them, rather than to make sport of them. There are unfortunate people who are deformed in mind or body. If you have any heart at all, it will grow tender toward such people and you will not rudely stare at them, nor in any way show that you notice their peculiarities.

Then there are father, mother, brother, sister, friend and teacher to whom you should at all times be especially kind.

It would take a long time to speak of all the people to whom you should be kind and all the ways by which you could show kindness.

Look abou. you, boys and girls, and you will find plenty of chances to show kindness to others. Be thoughtful always, of the comfort and happiness of others and then you will not only give kindness but receive it. It will come back to you, ten times over.

All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do you even so to them.

—ST. MATTHEW.

Every gentle deed you do
One bright spirit brings to you,
One more angel watch to keep
By your pillow while you sleep;
Softer makes the wind's wierd song
Through the pine trees all night long;
Clearer makes the white stars gleam,
While you dream,
While you dream.

Every gentle word you say
One dark spirit drives away;
Makes the clover in the grass
Whisper greetings as you pass;
Swifter makes the cloud-ships fly
Through the ocean of the sky;
Daintier makes each frosty flake.
When you wake,
When you wake.

—VIRGINIA B. HARRISON.

THE MINISTERING CHILDREN'S LEAGUE.

A lady in England was reading a book called "Ministering Children." As she read, she thought: "This tells me of only a few young people who tried to think of others rather than themselves and who were happiest when helping poor, sad folk who needed to have sunshine brought into their dark houses.

We must not have *few*," said she, "but *many* such young helpers. Where shall they be found?"

When this lady thinks, she very quickly begins to act. There is so much to be done in this big, busy world, that she believes there is not one moment to lose.

"Yes," she thought, "there is much to do, but there are many loving hearts, clever fingers, and ready feet willing to work. I will try to have an army of young volunteers to fight against selfishness, idleness, sickness and poverty, who shall go about doing good.

"The name of the band shall be the 'Ministering Children's League'—a band of helpers! On their banner shall be the words,—'No day

without a deed to crown it,' and this shall be the rule of their lives."

Before very long a number of recruits were gathered together, who came to be drilled at the lady's house in London. Soldiers, of course, must first be taught their duty; and these young soldiers were very eager to learn, and they all had the same wondering question to ask:

"What are we to do?"

They heard this simple answer, — "Deeds of Kindness." It sounded so cheery and pleasant that a smile beamed on every face. We all like to be kind — shall I say now and then?" Sometimes we all like to be cross and disagreeable, but young warriors must fight against self and conquer their selfish thoughts. This, however is a difficult task, and the kind commanding officer told her army how hard they would find it. This is what she said to them:

"There is a work for all to do; for the big and for the little people, for boys and for girls. Do you ask what work? Think for one moment. You probably have comfortable homes, with every breakfast, dinner and tea nicely pre-

pared for you; you have warm clothing provided for you; you have loving parents and friends, filling your lives with gladness. Ah! but not very far from you, men, women, and children live, who have very little to eat, very little to wear, and very few to love them. Why are they there, so near your doors? I think for you to help, to cheer, to comfort. If you have not yet paid them a visit, you do not yet know what true pleasure is. In those humble homes warm welcomes and pleasant smiles are always ready for the ministering child who has given a little time from play, a little money, or a little thought to add to the happiness of others.".

Many other kind friends then suggested other things that might be done by the ministering children. Then every one received a card of membership to prove that he or she had joined the happy League.

With many hearty good wishes for success and victory the "marching orders" were given and the band dismissed. The members left regretfully, yet went eagerly to their different homes to begin the work of love.

—ST. NICHOLAS.

THE GRAND REVIEW.

It took place in January, 1886, exactly a year after the "Ministering Children's League" was formed. The young soldiers, boys and girls, came trooping into the house where they had met before, and were welcomed by the same lady whose kind, loving thought had first brought them together. There were nearly one hundred children present at the review, not one empty-handed; all had brought something to prove they had tried to be good soldiers, and true to the words on their banner. There were really so many beautiful and useful things it would take too long to describe them. Lady Brabazon was waiting to speak to her young guests, and they sat down and listened.

She began by telling them about her pleasant journey to America, and of the Branches of the League she knew were to be formed there. Then she went on to speak of the real work of the League.

Obedience, she said, is the first duty of the soldier, and she reminded the children of their duty to their parents — not a dull, sullen, slow,

unwilling obedience, but a bright, quick, glad and ready obedience, that delights to do whatever dear father and mother wish. How could children not long to obey these loving friends, who have taken such care of them since they were wee little babies, and who never let an hour pass without planning for their happiness and welfare? It should be a pleasure for the young soldiers to be able to minister to them and to help them.

Home, she went on to say, is a very useful field of action for young soldiers. It is their little world. But although their deeds of kindness are to begin there, they must not end there.

She urged them to make their teachers happy by learning their lessons well, and trying, by diligence and care not to give them any more trouble than is actually necessary.

She urged them to be sentinels, ever on the watch — to keep their eyes wide open, so as never to miss the opportunity of helping somebody in some way; to make it a rule, if possible, to give up at least ten minutes out of playtime, each day, to work for those whose wants are far greater than their own; to try never to lie down

at night without having done at least one kind deed during the day. Before saying good-by all joined in singing. And then they went home, every volunteer, more determined than ever to be true to the motto on the banner of the League.

—ST. NICHOLAS.

A BIT OF LOVING KINDNESS.

It was a little brown house nestling between two great maple trees, with a yard full of roses and lilacs before it, and an orchard of plum-trees, cherry-trees and apple-trees behind. Little Zay Decker spied it out the first morning she went to school in Cloverdale,— a sunny morning in the very last of April.

"What a cunning house!" she cried, clapping her hands. "Who lives there, Sue? Somebody real nice, I'm sure."

Sue, who was Zay's cousin, laughed.

"I don't believe you'd say so if you knew Miss Weaver. She's the crossest, crabbedest creature; and you can't think how mean she is."

"What about?"

"You'll see, when she drives you away from her gate if you so much as look at her lilacs and roses. And she'd let her cherries and things spoil before she'd give away any to us girls and boys."

"Does she live all alone?" asked Zay.

"Yes."

Tender-hearted little Zay, thinking maybe of

her gentle, invalid mother, seeking for health in a far southern city, sighed before she spoke again.

"Don't you suppose she is lonesome, Sue?"

"I wouldn't care a bit if she were. I'd be glad of it. I think she deserves it."

Pretty soon they came opposite the little gate. There were lilacs in blossom in the yard, lilacs blue, and white and fragrant.

"O Sue, just look!" cried Zay, stopping short.

"Go right along, children," said a voice. "Don't stop at my gate."

"That's Miss Weaver," whispered Sue.

Zay plucked up courage to speak, though her voice trembled and she blushed rosy-red.

"If you please, ma'am, we wanted only to look at your lilacs. They are so lovely."

"Well, I don't please," said Miss Weaver, grimly. "Go right along."

As they passed along Sue asked, "Now isn't she cross? And isn't she mean? And isn't she just horrid?"

"I don't know," answered Zay, softly. "I can't help pitying her a little, Sue, because she

lives all alone, and maybe that's what makes her so — cross, you know."

But soon all thought of Miss Weaver passed out of their minds, as they met their schoolmates and began to talk over May baskets and the Maying-party. As May-day approached, Sue said, "You don't know anyone, Zay, to hang your basket for."

"Yes, I do," returned Zay, with a quiet little laugh.

"You might as well tell me who it is," said Sue.

"I suppose you will laugh at me," said Zay, "but I can't help it if you do. It's for — for Miss Weaver."

"Cross-patch Weaver!" cried Sue. "I never saw such a girl as you are, Zay Decker! What does make you so queer?"

"I don't know," replied Zay, meekly. "I didn't think it queer. She's all alone. And I think maybe mamma would want me to."

"I won't go with you," said Sue.

She did, however. When the stars began to come out in the clear sky, Zay took her basket with its little offering of blossoms and sweet-

meats, and together she and Sue made their way to the tiny brown house. Sue waited at the gate, while Zay went up Miss Weaver's trim garden-path. Her eyes grew large, and her cheeks burned, and her heart beat loud and fast. She hung her basket carefully on the door and then she rapped softly. Out of the door popped Miss Weaver. With an angry exclamation she caught Zay's shoulders and gave them a good shaking.

"But I've got you this time," said Miss Weaver; and her black eyes snapped in the starlight. "Now what did you do it for?"

"I — I didn't think you would care if I hung you a May-basket."

"Eh?" said Miss Weaver," you didn't hang *me* a May-basket?"

"Yes'm," said Zay.

For a moment Miss Weaver gazed at the basket in astonishment. "I'm sorry I shook you, little girl," said she," but I've had my life nearly pestered out with their actions and I thought you were one of them." But Zay declared it was no matter. "I'm glad if you are pleased," said she.

"Well, I am," said Miss Weaver. As she said it, there was a quiver in her voice. "I'm pleased," she repeated; and, as the girls said good-night, she tipped their faces up to hers and kissed them. "I almost believe we were asleep and dreamed it all," said Sue.

It was a simple thing to do, but it quite changed the current of Miss Weaver's hard, lonely life. No longer would the cherries spoil on *her* trees! And she grew to like the little men and women, who haunted her orchard with such good-natured persistency. And at length she even came to be "Aunt Judith," "dear, kind Aunt Judith," to every one of them, but most of all to blue-eyed, loving little Zay.

—ADA CARLETON.

THE FOUR SUNBEAMS.

Four little sunbeams came earthward one day,
Shining and dancing along on their way,
Resolved that their course should be blest.
"Let us try," they all whispered, "some kindness to do,
Not seek our own pleasuring all the day through,
Then meet in the eve at the west."

One sunbeam ran in at a low cottage door
And played "hide-and-seek," with a child, on the floor,
Till baby laughed loud in his glee,
And chased with delight his strange playmate so bright,
The little hands grasping in vain for the light
That ever before them would flee.

One crept to the couch where an invalid lay,
And brought him a dream of the sweet summer day,
Its bird-song and beauty and bloom;
Till pain was forgotten, and weary unrest,
And in fancy he roamed through the scenes he loved best,
Far away from the dim, darkened room.

One stole to the heart of a flower that was sad,
And loved and caressed her until she was glad
And lifted her white face again;
For love brings content to the lowliest lot,
And finds something sweet in the dreariest spot,
And lightens all labor and pain.

And one, where a little blind girl sat alone
Not sharing the mirth of her play-fellows, shone
On hands that were folded and pale,
And kissed the poor eyes that had never known sight,
That never would gaze on the beautiful light,
Till angels had lifted the veil.

At last, when the shadows of evening were falling,
And the sun, their great father, his children were calling,
Four sunbeams sped into the west.
All said: "We have found that in seeking the pleasure
Of others, we fill to the full our own measure," —
Then softly they sank down to rest.

— M. R. B., *in St. Nicholas.*

CINDERELLA.

She did not live in the days of fairies and giants, when pumpkins could be changed into chariots, and rats and mice to prancing steeds and liveried footmen.

But it did not matter much. She sat by the great fire-place in the kitchen, and dreamed day-dreams about fairy-land and its beautiful sights, and when she took off her wooden shoes and warmed her little bare feet by the blaze on the hearth, she sometimes dreamed of a glass slipper, and a Prince with long, white, waving plumes, to try it on. And it always fitted her. Of course, if it had not, there would have been no sense in dreaming about it.

She was a little French girl, and she lived in an old farm-house, where they burned brush-wood under the great iron pot that hung in the fire-place, and where the great mantel-piece, so high up that she had to stand on a chair to reach it, was crowded with curious old pitchers and glasses and plates and jugs that nobody used, and where the carved doors, and indeed, almost everything about the place but the

people who lived there, looked old enough to have come down from fairy days.

There, before the fire, with the two heads on the ends of the andirons for company, she would sit for hours and dream day-dreams. She wished she *had* lived in the old days and had had a fairy godmother Old Mere Christine was her godmother, and a very good and kind one she was, too, but she had no magic wand, and could not change her red bodice and woolen skirt into beautiful silken robes, nor could she make a splendid chariot out of a pumpkin.

The only thing at all magical that she could do was to turn flour and butter into delicious little cakes, and a rolling-pin was all the wand she had.

She was sitting before the fire, one day, watching to keep it lively under the pot, and thinking about the days when there were kind fairies and goblins to make fires for good little girls, and to hang up magical pots, out of which they might scoop anything good to eat, and so she got to thinking about her favorite old story of Cinderella.

She sat like her beloved heroine in the castle kitchen, and in her mind she saw her cruel sisters pass down the grand staircase, dressed in their rich silks and satins, and proudly get into their coaches and drive away to the parties and balls in which their hearts delighted.

She saw her wicked step-mother as she shook her fist at her, whenever she dared to look out from that dismal, ashy kitchen, where everything seemed as if the cooking were always just over, and the fire-place was always filled with cinders and cinders and cinders, which had to be taken up all the time.

And she saw her dear, delightful fairy godmother change everything that was miserable into things that were rich and soft and golden, and then send her off in the magical pumpkin chariot to the ball.

And then she saw all the richly dressed lords and ladies at the ball, and the lights and the jewels and the splendid halls; and just as she was about to step in and join the happy throng, she stopped suddenly in her dream.

The Prince was knocking at the door! She sprang to her feet. What would he think of

her in such a dress and bare-footed? But it would not do to keep him standing at the door. So she ran and opened it.

Old Pierrot, the gardener, was standing there in his dirty, blue blouse, and with his great, wooden shoes all covered with garden mold.

He had come to borrow a spade, he said, with cap in hand — if the ladies were not going to use theirs to-day.

"Oh, Pierrot!" called down Lizette from an upper window, "What a man you are! A gardener, and coming to borrow a spade! Don't you know that you ought to get a spade for yourself? You can't do business that way, Pierrot."

But Pierrot said that he had a spade, and a very good one, but he had lent it to his neighbor Jacques, who was using it now; and as he did not wish to take it away from Jacques, he thought he would come and borrow the ladies' spade, if they were not going to use it.

"You better go get your own spade," said Julie, from the stairs. "I don't know where in the world ours is, and I'm sure I haven't time to stop and look for it now."

Poor Pierrot looked sadly down at his wooden shoes. There was a piece of work that he ought to do that afternoon and he could not go and take his spade from poor Jacques.

"I'll go and look for the spade for you, Pierrot," said Cinderella. "We haven't used it for ever so long, and I don't know where it is, but I'm sure I can find it if you will wait a little while." And thus she put on the glass slipper, and it fitted exactly.

To be sure, the Prince was only old Pierrot, and the sisters were not very cruel, and there was no fairy godmother at all, and the fitting of the slipper was only a trial of good-nature, but it was all better than a fairy tale.

Prince Pierrot was happy as he walked away with the spade, and Cinderella was happy as she came back to the fire, and when they saw what the little girl had done, the two sisters felt sorry that the slipper had not fitted them.

— FRANK R. STOCKTON.

DOGS AND CATS.

I want to say something to those young people who wish to adopt as pets either a dog or a cat.

Don't do it without making up your mind to be really and thoroughly kind to them, and to feed them as carefully as you feed yourself, and to give them shelter from the severity of the weather.

Some people seem to have an idea that throwing a scrap, or bone, or bit of refuse meat, at odd times, to a dog, is taking abundant care of him. "What's the matter with him? He can't be hungry. I gave him that great bone yesterday."

Ah, my dear boy, how would you like to be fed in that way?

When you show your hungry face at the dinner-table, suppose papa should say, "What's that boy here for? He was fed this morning." You would think this hard measure.

In like manner dogs are often shut out of the house in cold, winter weather. A lady and I looked out once, on a freezing, icy day, and saw

a great Newfoundland cowering in a corner of a fence, to keep from the driving rain.

"Do tell me if you have no kennel for that poor creature." "No," said the lady, "I didn't know that dogs needed shelter."

She had taken into her family a living creature, without ever having reflected on what that creature needed, or that it was her duty to provide for its wants. Dogs can bear more cold than human beings, but they do not like cold any better than we do; and when a dog has his choice, he will very gladly stretch himself on a rug before the fire for his afternoon nap, and show that he enjoys the blaze and warmth as much as anybody.

As to cats, many people seem to think that a miserable, half-starved beast, with no rights that anybody is bound to respect, is a necessary appendage to a family. This is a mistake. It is far kinder to have them killed in some quick and certain way than to treat them in this manner.

Cats are often said to have no hearts,— to be attached to places, but incapable of warm, personal affection. It was reserved for a cat by the

name of Juno to refute the slander on her race. Her mistress was obliged to leave her at home and go to a neighboring city to live; so she gave Juno to the good lady who inhabited the other part of the house. But no attention or care on the part of the new mistress could banish from Juno's mind the friend she had lost.

The little parlor where she had spent so many pleasant hours was locked up, but Juno would go, day after day, and sit on the ledge of the window-sill, looking in and mewing dolefully. She refused food, and when too weak to mount on the sill and look in, stretched herself on the ground beneath the window, where she died for love of her mistress, as truly as any lover in an old ballad.

You see by this story the moral I wish to convey. It is, that watchfulness, kindness and care will develop a nature in animals such as we little dream of. Love will beget love, regular care and attention will give regular habits, and thus domestic pets may be made agreeable and interesting.

— HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

WHAT THE HORSE SAID TO HIS DRIVER.

"Up the hill whip me not,
Down the hill hurry me not,
In the stable forget me not,
Of hay and grain rob me not,
Of clear water stint me not,
With sponge and brush neglect me not,
When sick or cold chill me not,
With bit or rein jerk me not,
And, when angry, strike me not."

SEVEN THINGS TO BE REMEMBERED.

Never to stick pins into butterflies and other insects unless you would like to have somebody stick pins into you.

Never to carry fowl with their heads hanging down, unless you would like to be carried in that way yourself.

Never to throw stones at those harmless creatures, toads, unless you would like to have stones thrown at you in the same way.

That nearly all snakes are harmless and useful.

That it is cruel to keep twitching the reins while driving.

That you should always talk kindly to every dumb creature.

That you should always treat every dumb creature as you would like to be treated yourself, if you were in the creature's place.

There is a story of an enchantress called Circe, who turned a number of people into pigs. I sometimes think it would be a good thing, if just for one day this fairy tale would come true, and all unkind people could be turned into animals which they misuse and could feel in their own bodies what the poor, dumb animals feel in theirs.

But as that cannot be I hope you will all remember never to give unnecessary pain to dumb animals, which are God's creatures.

THE PLEDGE OF THE DICKY-BIRD SOCIETY.

I pledge myself not to kill, wound nor capture any wild bird not used for food, so long as I remain a member of the Dicky-Bird Society; and I promise to discourage and prevent, so far as I can, the killing, wounding, or capturing of birds by others.

I pledge myself not to rob, destroy, nor in any way injure or disturb the nest or eggs of any wild bird so long as I remain a member of the Dicky-Bird Society; and I promise to discourage and prevent so far as I can, such injury by others. Who is ready to take the pledge?

POOR ROBIN.

"Oh, what is the matter with Robin,
What makes her cry round here all day?
I think she must be in great trouble,"
Said Swallow to little Blue Jay.

"I know why the Robin is crying,"
Said Wren, with a sob in her breast;
"A naughty, bold robber has stolen
Three little blue eggs from her nest.

"He carried them home in his pocket;
I saw him from up in the tree.
Ah me! how my little heart fluttered
For fear he would come and rob me."

"Oh! what little boy was so wicked?"
Said Swallow, beginning to cry.
"I wouldn't be guilty of robbing
A dear little bird's nest, not I!"

"Nor I," said the birds in a chorus;
"A cruel and mischievous boy!
I pity his father and mother,
He surely can't give them much joy.

"I guess he forgot what a pleasure
The dear little robins all bring
In early spring-time and in summer,
By the beautiful songs that they sing.

"I guess he forgot what the rule is,
To do as you would be done by;
I guess he forgot that from Heaven,
There looks down an All-seeing Eye."

—SELECTED.

LINCOLN'S KINDNESS TO BIRDS.

The following incident is related by one who knew Lincoln, and who was at the time of the incident his fellow-traveler.

We had passed through a thicket of wild plum and crab-apple trees, and stopped to water our horses. One of the party came up alone.

"Where is Lincoln?" we enquired.

"Oh," he replied, "when I saw him last, he had caught two young birds which the wind had blown out of their nests, and he was hunting for the nest that he might put them back in it."

In a short time Lincoln came up, having found the nest and restored the birds.

The party laughed at him, but he said, "I could not have slept if I had not restored those little birds to their mother."

GOOD MANNERS.

Among the many things that help one to get on in the world, perhaps good manners rank the highest. They certainly deserve to be considered of the first importance when they proceed from a feeling of kindness and of love for others.

There is no mistaking the fact that a kind, unselfish heart, and a knowledge of the rules governing good manners, and their constant practice will help one on wonderfully to success in life. While an unselfish heart without this knowledge will keep one from intentional rudeness, there are many things to be done, or not to be done, which can be learned only by knowing the rules of good manners approved by the best and most polite people. For instance, a boy may have a kind heart and never dream that he should not sit in a room where ladies are standing, or that he should not whistle in the presence of his elders, or drum with his fingers, or beat the floor with his feet, or sit with his chair tipped back, or lounge, or stretch, or yawn in company.

The constant practice of good manners is also necessary in order to be truly polite. Without practice, manners seem to be "put on," and nothing but a sham, and a sham is not a sign of a good heart.

Let one observe the rules of politeness for a time, and by-and-by he will observe them without stopping to think about them.

Some boys seem to consider it foolish to be polite. Let me ask if a boy is any more a manly boy because he crams his mouth full when he is eating? Is he likely to play a better hand at base ball because he sits at dinner with his elbows on the table?

Do the men whom boys admire most act like clowns? Fie upon it, boys! You know that you like polite people best. You know that polite boys can find work much more easily than rude ones. Polite clerks can sell more goods than those who are careless of their manners. Polite boys are the manly boys!

"Who misses or who wins the prize?
Go, lose or conquer as you can;
But if you fail, or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman."

A BOY'S HAT.

"I hunted all over the house for my hat, and where do you suppose it was all the while? On my head." And Bob threw himself on the rug at my feet, and laughed merrily at his absence of mind. "Why don't you laugh, Aunt Marjorie?"

"Your hair is so thick and curly, Bob, dear," was my reply, after a moment's gaze into the bright eyes, "and your hat is such a light affair that I'm not surprised at your not feeling it on your head. But the reason I didn't laugh was this; I was shocked at your keeping your hat on your head in the house—at your habit of doing this. A man's hat, Bob, should come off the minute he sets foot inside his own door."

"Don't you think, aunty," said the boy, roguishly, "that you attach a good deal of importance to trifles?"

"Maybe so," said I, "but you must remember that many things seem trifling which are not so.

"The uncovering of the head when indoors is a sign of deference to the mistress of the house, a sign that a boy respects his mother and sisters."

"Mother is very much mortified," said Bob, "if I keep my hat on in the parlor when she has company. But a fellow forgets once in a while, Aunt Marjorie."

"A fellow never forgets," I said, "if he is in the habit of always doing the right thing.

"Once establish the habit, Bob, and you could no more lounge into the parlor with your hat on than you could keep your hat on in the school-room, after the professor had called the classes to order."

Bob gave a low, amused whistle. "I think I see myself doing that," he chuckled. "Aunt Marjorie, to whom should a boy lift his hat in the street?"

"To his father, of course, and to all gentlemen older than himself, and to his mother and all ladies of his acquaintance; to a lady, even a stranger, if she asks him to tell her the way, or if he performs any service for her."

"It's an awful bother," remarked Bob.

"There is your mistake, my dear. It is no bother, but, in fact, is done so naturally by a gentleman or a gentlemanly boy, that he never

thinks of the thing as a trouble. He lifts his hat automatically."

"Automatically? Isn't that a tre-men-dous word? What does it mean?"

"It means this: When one does a thing one's self, so well and so easily that one has not to think about it in the doing, it is said to be done automatically."

"I see," said Bob.

"While we are talking on the subject, let me remind you of something else. A gentleman — and a boy, if well-bred, is as much a gentleman at ten, as at twenty — always rises when a lady comes into the room, and waits until she has taken a seat before he resumes his own.

He gives his mother the most comfortable chair and is at pains to place a hassock for her feet, and to set the lamp where its light will fall pleasantly on her book. A boy who thinks of these little things is always a favorite wherever he goes."

—HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

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THE BOY WHO RECOMMENDS HIMSELF.

A gentleman advertised for a boy and nearly fifty applicants presented themselves to him. Out of the whole number he selected one and dismissed the rest.

"I should like to know," said a friend, "on what ground you selected that boy, who had not a single recommendation?"

"You are mistaken," said the gentleman; "he had a great many. He wiped his feet when he came in, and closed the door, showing that he was careful.

He gave his seat instantly to that lame, old man, showing that he was thoughtful. He took off his cap when he came in, and answered my questions promptly, showing that he was gentlemanly. He picked up the book which I had purposely left upon the floor, and replaced it upon the table, and waited quietly for his turn, instead of pushing and crowding, showing that he was orderly and honorable. When I talked to him, I noticed his finger-nails were clean, as also were his clothes. Don't you call these things recommendations?

—SELECTED.

HARRY.

School was out. Down the street they came by twos and threes and fives, boys, boys, boys, all talking as if they must express within the next five minutes every idea that had come into their busy brains during the day. Foremost among them was Harry, rosy-cheeked and merry, his great blue eyes sparkling with life and fun.

Everything about him, from the willful brown hair that would curl and snarl in spite of him to the huge base-ball bat under his arm, seemed alive. The boys were deep in the discussion of Saturday's game with the "Highland Nine," in which they firmly believed nothing but Harry's very efficient use of his beloved bat and nimble legs had saved them from defeat.

On the following day another game was to be played, and their probabilities of success were matters of no little importance to these young men. The discussion was at its height, though far from settlement, when some one called out, "O, see the old farmer! Ask him what he'll take for his turn-out."

"Tell him we'll take it at cost," shouted another.

"But we'll take a ride for nothing," screamed a third.

The boys glanced up. A white-haired man whose kindly eyes and wrinkled face seemed scarcely calculated to call forth such thoughtless, unkind words, was driving slowly down the street. The poor, old horse and rickety wagon were, like the owner, marked with age.

Now, as if to test the spirit of the boys, the wind which had been playing mad pranks all through the afternoon, suddenly seized the old man's hat and sent it whirling down the street. Strange as it may seem, some of the boys were foolish enough to find this a source of amusement, and one or two were even so rude as to laugh. But they were the few. In an instant a number of the boys had started in pursuit of the hat.

The wind was a good racer and led them a long chase, but the boys proved to be the swifter, and Harry soon won.

When, at last, he, raising his own cap, stepped up to return the hat to its owner, the old man's

faith in the courtesy of boys, which had just been so rudely shaken, was quite restored.

Ah! boys, if you could have seen Harry then, you would have envied him. There he stood, a thorough boy, but every inch a man, a gentleman.

—MARY W. CARTER.

DID BOB THINK?

Bob was an old horse on my great grandfather's farm. He was a very clever horse; but it is not so much for his cleverness as for one thoughtful thing which he did, that his name has been handed down to us who live so long after him, and who never saw him.

He was very fond of children; the boys who lived near used to have many a pleasant game with Bob on sunny afternoons, when he was grazing in the fields or by the roadside.

Sometimes they chased Bob, and sometimes he chased them; and it was a funny sight to see the old horse running after a troop of boys, uttering a peculiar whinny, which said as plainly as words could say it, "Isn't this real fun, boys?"

One day Bob was coming slowly through the one long street of the village, dragging a loaded cart behind him. There, right in the middle of the street, a little child was sprawling in the dust. No one noticed it until Bob and the cart were close upon it.

Was the child to be trodden beneath the

horse's feet, or crushed beneath the broad wheel of the cart? No, for just as the mother rushed out of a doorway with a shriek, Bob stooped down, seized the child's clothing with his teeth, and laid the little one on the foot-path out of harm's way. It was done tenderly, quietly, and it was over in a moment. Then the wise horse went on as if he had done nothing surprising.

Do you wonder that we keep Bob's memory green? And isn't his thoughtfulness a lesson for the boys and girls whose common excuse for carelessness which injures others is, "I didn't think?" Bob thought; and his thinking saved a child's life.

—ERNEST WOODSTONE.

THEY DIDN'T THINK.

Once a trap was baited
With a piece of cheese,
It tickled so a little mouse,
It almost made him sneeze.
An old mouse said, "There's danger;
Be careful where you go!"
"Nonsense!" said the other;
"I don't think you know."
So he walked in boldly —
Nobody in sight:
First he took a nibble,
Then he took a bite!
Close the trap together
Snapped as quick as wink,
Catching "mousey" fast there,
'Cause he didn't think.

Once there was a robin
Lived outside the door,
Who wanted to go inside
And hop upon the floor.
"Oh, no!" said the mother,
"You must stay with me;
Little birds are safest
Sitting in a tree."
"I don't care," said Robin,
And gave his tail a fling;

'I don't think the old folks
Know quite everything."
Down he flew and Kitty seized him
Before he'd time to blink.
"Oh!" he cried, "I'm sorry,
But I didn't think."

Now, my little children,
You who read this song,
Don't you see what trouble
Comes of doing wrong?
And can't you take a warning
From their dreadful fate,
Who began their thinking
When it was too late?
Don't think there's always safety
Where no danger shows;
Don't suppose you know more
Than anybody knows;
But when you're warned of ruin,
Pause upon the brink,
And don't go over headlong,
'Cause you didn't think.

—PHŒBE CARY.

OBEDIENCE.

The child owes to his parents his life, his strength, his health. Without his mother's care what would become of this poor little creature who is neither able to sustain nor to protect himself? Left to himself he would not only grieve, but he would die.

Among your earliest recollections, my children, is a hand which held yours to keep you from falling or from injuring yourself in many ways; a face which bent over your cradle to calm your first sufferings; a voice which whispered in your ear sweet words of comfort.

And now that you are older, who looks after your health, your comfort, your pleasure? Your mother, whose name you can speak only with love.

Another also watches over you. While your mother cares for you at home, your father works in the field, at the desk, in the factory, on the sea, wherever he finds the means of gaining a livelihood and providing for his family.

Your first duty to you parents is obedience. In order to obey you have only to recall the

experience of your earlier years, that it was well to listen to your mother. Let those early lessons serve you now! Do not hesitate to do what your parents direct you to do, even though you may not understand why they thus direct you.

If they fix for you regular hours for study, for recreation, for sleep, believe that they know best in regard to these matters, that they have no other interest than yours, and think only of your good.

Do not allow yourself to do what you please, and at any time you please. You will follow all your life habits formed when young. Obey your parents when they direct you to promptness and regularity and any other good habits.

It will be necessary sometime for you to obey the law. If you begin by regularly obeying your parents, all other obedience will be easy.

If, on the contrary, you do not submit in early life to their direction, take care! A disobedient child will make a bad soldier or a bad citizen.

Also, let your obedience be prompt and cheerful. Do whatever your parents wish you

to do without delay and without complaint. You will thus show that you trust their wisdom and goodness.

—EDUCATION MORALE.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND HIS MOTHER.

Abraham Lincoln was devotedly attached to his step-mother. When he became a man he often spoke of her as his "saintly mother," his "angel of a mother."

She, herself, late in life, could not speak of him without tears, so great was her affection for him.

"Abe," she said, "was kind, and good, and true. He never gave me a cross word, and never refused to do anything I asked him. He was dutiful and obedient to me always, and I think he loved me truly."

THE LITTLE PERSIAN.

Among the Persians there is a sect called the Sooffees, and one of the most distinguished saints of this sect was Abdoul Kauder.

It is related that in early childhood he was smitten with the desire of devoting himself to sacred things, and wished to go to Bagdad to obtain knowledge. His mother gave her consent; and taking out eighty deenars of money she told him that, as he had a brother, half of that would be his only inheritance.

She made him promise, solemnly, never to tell a lie, and then bade him farewell, exclaiming, "Go, my son; I give thee to God. We shall not meet again on earth."

He went on till he came to Hamadan, when the company with which he was traveling was plundered by sixty horsemen. One of the robbers asked him what he had got. "Forty deenars," said Abdoul Kauder," are sewed under my garment." The fellow laughed, thinking that he was joking him. "What have you got?" said another. He gave the same answer.

When they were dividing the spoil, he was

called to an eminence, where the chief stood. "What property have you, my little fellow?" said he. "I have forty deenars sewed up carefully in my clothes." The chief desired them to be ripped open, and found the money.

"And how came you," said he, with surprise, "to declare so openly what has been so carefully hidden?"

"Because," said Abdoul Kauder, "I will not be false to my mother, whom I have promised that I will never tell a lie."

"Child," said the robber, "hast thou such a sense of duty to thy mother, at thy years, and am I insensible, at my age, of duty to God? Give me thy hand, innocent boy, that I may swear repentance on it." He did so, and his followers were all alike struck with the scene.

"You have been our leader in guilt," said they to their chief, "be the same in the path of virtue." And they instantly, at his order, gave back the spoil, and vowed repentance on the hand of the boy.

—JUVENILE MISCELLANY.

MOTHER.

There are soft words murmured by dear, dear lips,
  Far richer than any other;
But the sweetest word that the ear hath heard
  Is the blessed name of "Mother."

O magical word! may it never die
  From the lips that love to speak it,
Nor melt away from the trusting heart
  That even would break to keep it.

Was there ever a name that lived like this?
  Will there ever be such another?
The angels have reared in Heaven a shrine
  To the holy name of "Mother."

—SELECTED.

Among the Romans, the consuls were the first magistrates of the Republic, and when they had conquered an armed enemy, the greatest honor that could be shown them was called "The Triumph." They entered the city in a chariot drawn by four white horses and proceeded to the Capitol. One of these triumphant generals, receiving these honors one day, perceived among the people his father who was an obscure citizen. He immediately descended from his chariot, and, approaching his father, saluted him with great respect. So great was the feeling of respect to parents among the Romans!

George Stephenson, one of the greatest inventors of this age, having saved by strict economy the sum of seven hundred francs, used it in paying the debts of his father, a poor workman, who had met with a frightful accident, and in purchasing a small house next to his own, where the old man lived happily for many years.

HONEST ROB.

One day a bright, manly-looking boy, about nine years old, stepped up to a gentleman in the Grand Central Depot in New York City and looking up into his face, asked,

"Shine, sir?"

"I want my shoes polished," said the man.

"Then I'd be glad to shine them, sir," said the boy.

"Have I time? I wish to catch the Hudson River train."

"No time to lose, sir, but I can give you a good job before it pulls out."

"Certain of it?"

"Yes, sir. Shall I?"

"Yes."

And in two seconds the boot-black was down on his knees, shining the gentleman's shoes.

"Don't let me get left."

"I will not, sir," said the boy, as he plied the brushes rapidly.

"What is your name?"

"Rob Holmes."

"Is your father living?"

"No, sir, he's dead. No one except mother and me and — The train is going, sir." The man took from his pocket a silver half dollar and handed it to the boy who began to count out the change. Fearing he would be left, the man stepped on the train, and before the boy could reach him it had started.

Two years later the man went to New York again. As he walked along the street near the depot, he was approached by a boy who said,

"Were you ever here before, sir?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"About two years ago."

"Didn't I shine your shoes at the Grand Central Depot?"

"Some boy did."

"Well, I'm the boy, sir, and I owe you forty-five cents. Here is your money. I was afraid I should never see you again."

Now as this is a true story, perhaps the boys and girls who read it will like to know what became of Rob. The man whose boots he had polished was so pleased at his honesty, and so

interested in him that he sent him to school and gave his mother a comfortable home.

Rob grew to be a man, honored and respected by all. Did it pay to be honest that time? Perhaps few are paid as Rob was. The pay does not often come in money. An honest man may be poor always, but he can be happy in feeling that he is honest.

There are ways and ways of being honest beside in money matters. You can be honest with your parents. You can be honest in school. You can be honest in dealing with your playmates.

Be honest in everything, that you may be able to think well of yourself.

WILLIE'S TEMPTATION.

Little Willie stood under an apple-tree old;
The fruit was all shining with crimson and gold,
Hanging temptingly low; how he longed for a bite,
Though he knew if he took one it wouldn't be right.

Said he, "I don't see why my father should say,
'Don't touch the old apple-tree, Willie, to-day.'
I shouldn't have thought — now they're hanging so low
When I asked for just one, he should answer me 'No.'"

"He would never find out if I took but just one,
And they do look so good, shining out in the sun;
There are hundreds and hundreds and he wouldn't miss
So paltry a little red apple as this."

He stretched forth his hand, but a low, mournful strain
Came wandering dreamily over his brain.
In his bosom a beautiful harp had long laid
That the angel of conscience quite frequently played.

And he sang, "Little Willie, beware, oh beware!
Your father is gone, but your conscience is there.
How sad you would feel if your father should say
'Little Willie *almost* stole an apple today.'"

— SELECTED.

A NOBLE OLD FARMER.

In Germany, during a war, a captain of cavalry was ordered out upon a foraging expedition.

He marched to the district assigned to him. It was a lonely valley, but finding in the midst of it a small cottage, he knocked at the door; it was opened by an old man, who leaned upon a staff. "Father," said the officer, "show me a field where I may set my troops to forage."

The old man led them out of the valley and after a quarter of an hour's march, they came to a fine field of barley.

"Here is what we are in search of," exclaimed the captain.

"Wait a few minutes," said the old man. "Follow me a little further."

At the distance of a mile they arrived at another field of barley. The troop alighted, cut down the grain, bound it into bundles, and rode off.

The officer then said to his conductor, "You have given yourself and us needless trouble; the first field was better than this."

"Very true, sir," replied the good old man; "but it was not mine."

ANECDOTE OF WASHINGTON.

George Washington's mother once owned a horse, which was so spirited that no one had ever reined him, much less mounted his back, though several horsemen had tried to subdue his fierce nature.

One morning, young George, aided by several companions, decoyed the horse into a narrow inclosure where they bitted and saddled him.

The daring boy then sprang to his seat, and the furious horse reared, plunged, dashed off, and suddenly stopped, trying his best to throw off the cool, clinging rider. Then, with one mighty effort, the unsubdued animal jumped high in the air and fell to the ground, dead.

"What's to be done?" asked the youngsters, as they were summoned to breakfast.

"Have you seen my colt in your rambles?" asked Mrs. Washington, as she took her place

at the head of the table. "I am told he is a fine one."

"Your favorite sorrel, is dead, madam," answered George.

"Dead? Why, how did it happen?"

"I rode him this morning, and in the struggle he burst a blood-vessel and fell down dead."

A flush of irritation was seen on the matron's cheek; then she quietly said, "I regret the loss of my favorite colt, but I rejoice in my son who always tells the truth."

NELLIE AND DOTTIE.

Nellie and Dottie
Both heard mamma say,
"Pray from the drawing-room
Keep away.
Don't take your toys there
Lest some one should call;
Run out in the garden
With rope, bat and ball."
The garden is lovely
This bright summer day;
But Nellie and Dottie,
Too soon came away.

Into the drawing-room
Dottie came skipping,
With her new rope
All the furniture flipping;
Down goes the tall vase,
So golden and gay,
Smashed all to pieces.
"What will mamma say?"
Cries Nell, with her hands raised.
"Oh, Dottie, let's run;
They'll think it was pussy
Who did it for fun."
Dot answers through big tears,
"But, Nell, (with a sigh)

Though nobody watched us
She'll know it was I.
Mamma always says
That whatever we do,
The harm's not so great
If we dare to be true.
So I'll go up and tell her
It caught in my rope;
Perhaps she won't scold much;
At least, so I hope."

"That's right!" cries her mother
Who stands by the door;
"I would rather ten vases
Were broken on the floor
Than my children should once break
The bright words of truth,
The dearest possession
Of age or of youth.
The vase can be mended
And scarce show a crack,
But a falsehood once spoken
Will never come back."
However much grieved for
By young folks or old,
An untruth once uttered
Forever is told."

—SELECTED.

A TRUANT FOR THE LAST TIME.

There was a low whistle just around the corner, and Rob choked his breakfast down, caught up his cap, and started for the door. As he fumbled with the latch, a voice seemed to speak to him from under his vest pocket. "I wouldn't steal off like this," it said. "Go back and ask mother if you can go; and if she says 'No,' brace up and go to school like a man.

"No, I just can't!" Rob argued, half aloud. "I do want to see that vessel launched. She is the biggest ship that was ever built at the port, and I've watched them at work on her every day. Won't she go in with a dip though? Mother doesn't know how boys feel. She would say, "Oh! you better go to school, Robby." She wouldn't believe that I *must* see that launching. There come Jim Saunders and Tom Lee. Half the boys will cut school to-day. See here, boys, let's go down by the back road, so we can get there early and have a good seat on the wharf where we can see the whole thing." Rob had other reasons for choosing the back road.

"Guess we are early enough this time," said Tom Lee.

"There they come," cried Jim. Look at the teams, will you? I say, Rob, there are your father and mother in that covered buggy!"

Rob moved uneasily behind a huge post. "Sun's in my eyes," he explained.

A snap was heard and the crowd of spectators sprang back as the ship began to move, and, gathering headway, rushed faster and faster on to the water.

Dipping deep at the stern, she threw up a cloud of spray, then rose amid the cheering of the crowd, the whistling of tugboats, and the ringing of bells. This would have been a moment of keen delight to Rob, had not that uncomfortable throb, throb, taken the edge all off his pleasure.

He was sauntering along the wharf, with his eyes on the ground, when an exclamation from Tom Lee made him start and look up.

"Wonder who all those fellows are, going up the hill? Well, if there isn't the whole grammar school, with the teacher on ahead! That's a joke! We boys might have come free,

instead of playing truant and running the risk of paying for it."

"Well, we got here just the same," said Rob, trying to drown the voice which was just then whispering, "Don't you wish you were up there with the school, like the respectable boy you are, instead of slinking along behind with these two fellows you're half ashamed to be seen with?"

"Rob, you look sick. What's the matter with you? Your father didn't see where you were."

"No, he did not," said Rob, bracing up; "but he saw where I was not, Jim Saunders. Don't you suppose he looked for me among those grammar-school boys, where I ought to have been? I'm going back to school now, and the next time I prowl off in this way instead of attending to my business, it'll be" —

"At the next launching, eh?"

"No, sir! It will be when a sneak-thief is thought more of than a gentleman."

—A. D. S. Burns.

THE BOY AND THE WOLF.

A boy whose work it was to watch a flock of sheep a little way from a village, used to think it fine sport to rush into the village and cry, "Wolf! wolf! a wolf is carrying off my lambs!"

Several times men who heard him dropped their work and ran to his help, only to be laughed at. But one day a wolf really did come, and the boy cried for help.

Everyone thought him at his old joke and paid no attention to his cries. Of course he lost all his flock.

This fable teaches that people who tell lies are not believed when they speak the truth.

—ÆSOP.

VERSES.

Children who read my lay,
This much I have to say;
Each day and every day,
Do what is right!
Right things in great and small;
Then, though the sky should fall
Sun, moon, and stars and all,
You shall have light.

This further I would say;
Be tempted as you may
Each day and every day,
Speak what is true!
True things in great and small,
Then, though the sky should fall,
Sun, moon, and stars and all,
Heaven would shine through.

—ALICE CARY.

PURITY OF THOUGHT AND WORD.

Have you ever thought what a wonderful thing it is to think? Have you ever thought what a wonderful thing it is to put thoughts into words? Have you ever thought how wonderful it is to talk? Who gave you this wonderful power? Is it a good gift?

If your parents should make you a present of some beautiful and useful thing, would it be kind in you to misuse it, or spoil it?

Should you then misuse the gift of words? In order to use words as you ought what kind of thoughts must be back of them? Ought you to guard your thoughts?

If there is nothing low, or coarse, or vulgar, or wicked in your thoughts, will there be anything of the kind in your words?

Then, if you use bad words, everyone will know there is something bad in your hearts. The words themselves would be a trifling matter if they were not sure signs of that which is within. They are really only the outside of thoughts, the part which people see and hear.

There is one wicked use of words which is

called swearing, or profanity. You all know how wrong it is to swear.

Low, and coarse, and immodest words are called vulgar. Never use them. Never soil your lips with them.

Still other words to be avoided are called by-words, or slang. If they are not wicked nor vulgar, they are coarse and impolite.

There are good words in abundance which you can use to express all good thoughts in your hearts. If bad thoughts are there, drive them out before they become words.

There are beautiful words in abundance by which all beautiful thoughts can be expressed. If ugly and deformed thoughts are in your hearts, drive them *out* before they become words.

There are true words in abundance by which you can express all honest thoughts. There are words of love and kindness, if you will but use them.

How much better for you if you will use the good, and beautiful, and honest, and loving words, and let go those that are low, and coarse, and vulgar, and profane!

QUESTIONS.

Can you put the spider's web back in its place, that once has been swept away?

Can you put the apple again on the bough, which fell at our feet to-day?

Can you put the lily-cup back on the stem, and cause it to live and grow?

Can you mend the butterfly's broken wing, that you crushed with a hasty blow?

Can you put the bloom again on the grape, or the grape again on the vine?

Can you put the dewdrop back on the flower, and make them sparkle and shine?

Can you put the petals back on the rose? If you could, would it smell as sweet?

Can you put the flower again in the husk, and show me the ripened wheat?

Can you put the kernel back in the nut, or the broken egg in its shell?

Can you put the honey back in the comb, and cover with wax each cell?

Can you put the perfume back in the vase, when once it has sped away?

Can you put the corn-silk back on the corn, or the down on the catkins — say?

You think that my questions are trifling, dear? Let me ask
you another one;
Can a hasty word ever be unsaid, or a deed unkind, un-
done?

— SELECTED.

Have you ever watched a rill
Trickling down
Though a crevice of the hill
Bare and brown,
Trickling, trickling, trickling bright,
Day and night?
Though it falls so soft and swee
On the hard rock at your feet,
You will find a hollow there;
It has worn the rock away;
Gentle words fall thus, they say.

THE IMMORTAL FOUNTAIN.

In ancient times two little princesses lived in Scotland, one of whom was extremely beautiful, and the other dwarfish, dark colored and deformed. The sisters did not live happily together.

Marion hated Rose because she was handsome and everybody praised her. She scowled when anybody asked her how pretty little sister Rose was. No wonder all the family and all the neighbors disliked Marion, and no wonder her face grew uglier and uglier every day.

One summer noon, when all was still save the faint twittering of the birds and the lazy hum of the insects, Marion entered a deep grotto. She sat down on a bank of moss; the air around her was as fragrant as if it came from a bed of violets: and with the sound of far off music dying on her ear, she fell into a gentle slumber.

When she awoke, a figure of rare loveliness stood before her and thus she sang: —

The Fairy Queen
Hath rarely seen
Creature of earthly mould

Within her door,
On pearly floor,
Inlaid with shining gold.
Mortal, all thou seest is fair;
Quick thy purposes declare.

As she concluded, the song was taken up and thrice repeated by a multitude of soft voices in the distance. It seemed as if birds and insects joined in the chorus. All these delightful sounds soon died away and the Queen of the Fairies stood patiently awaiting Marion's answer. Courtesying low, and with a trembling voice, the little maiden said: —

"Will it please your Majesty to make me as handsome as my sister Rose?"

"I will grant your request," said she, "if you will promise to fulfill all the conditions I propose."

Marion eagerly promised that she would.

"Go home, now," said the Queen: "for one week speak no ungentle word to your sister; at the end of that time, come again to the grotto."

The end of the week arrived, and Marion had faithfully kept her promise. Again she went to the grotto.

"Mortal, hast thou fulfilled thy promise?" asked the Queen.

"I have," said Marion.

"Then follow me."

Marion did as she was directed, and away they went over beds of violets and mignonette. The birds warbled above their heads, butterflies cooled the air, and the gurgling of many fountains came with a refreshing sound. Presently they came to the hill, on the top of which was the Immortal Fountain. Its foot was surrounded by a band of fairies clothed in green gossamer, with their ivory wands crossed, to bar the ascent.

The queen waved her wand over them, and immediately they stretched their thin wings and flew away. The hill was steep, and far, far up they went; and the air became more fragrant and more distinctly they heard the sound of waters falling in music. At length they were stopped by a band of fairies clothed in blue, with their silver wands crossed.

"Here," said the queen, our journey must end. You can go no farther until you have fulfilled the orders I shall give you. Go home now; for one month do by your sister, in all respects

as you would wish her to do by you, were you Rose and she Marion."

Marion promised and departed. She found the task harder than the first had been. When Rose asked for any of her playthings she found it difficult to give them gently and affectionately, instead of pushing them along.

When Rose talked to her, she wanted to go away in silence; and when a mirror was found in her sister's room, broken into a thousand pieces, she felt sorely tempted to conceal that she did the mischief. But she was so anxious to be made beautiful, that she did as she would be done by. All the household remarked how Marion had changed. "I love her dearly," said Rose, "she is so good and amiable."

"So do I," said a dozen voices.

Marion blushed deeply, and her eyes sparkled with pleasure. "How pleasant it is to be loved!" thought she.

At the end of the month she went to the grotto again. The fairies in blue lowered their silver wands and flew away. They traveled on; the path grew steeper and steeper; but the fragrance of the atmosphere was redoubled,

and more distinctly came the sound of the waters falling in music. Their course was stayed by a troop in rainbow robes, and silver wands tipped with gold.

"Here we must pause," said the queen; "this boundary you cannot yet pass."

"Why not?" asked the impatient Marion. "Because they must be very pure who pass the rainbow fairies," replied the queen. They must be pure in thought as well as in action. Return home; for three months never indulge in an envious or wicked thought. You shall then have a sight of the Immortal Fountain."

Marion was sad at heart, for she knew how many envious thoughts and wrong wishes she had suffered to gain power over her.

When she again visited the Palace of Beauty, the queen smiled and then led her away to the Immortal Fountain. The silver specks on the wings of the rainbow fairies shone bright as she approached them, and they lowered their wands, and sang, as they flew away: —

Mortal, pass on,
Till the goal is won,—
For such, I ween,

Is the will of the queen,—
Pass on! pass on!

And now every footstep was on flowers that yielded beneath their feet. The delicious fragrance could almost be felt, and loud, clear and liquid came the sound of the waters as they fell in music. And now the cascade is seen leaping and sparkling over crystal rocks, and deep and silent below the foam, is the Immortal Fountain. Its amber colored waves flow over a golden bed: and as the fairies bathe in it, the diamonds on their hair glance like sunbeams on the waters.

"O, let me bathe in the fountain!" cried Marion, clasping her hands in delight.

"Not yet," said the queen. "Go home; for another year drive away all evil feelings, not for the sake of bathing in this Fountain, but because goodness is lovely and desirable for its own sake."

This was the hardest task of all. For she had been willing to be good, not because it was right to be good, but she wished to be beautiful. Three times she sought the grotto, and three times she left in tears. The fourth time she prevailed. The purple fairies that guarded the

brink of the Fountain lowered their wands, singing,—

Thou hast scaled the mountain,
Go, bathe in the Fountain;
Rise fair to the sight
As an angel of light;
Go, bathe in the Fountain.

Marion was about to plunge in, but the queen touched her, saying, "Look in the mirror of waters. Art thou not already as beautiful as heart could wish?"

Marion looked at herself, and saw that her eyes sparkled with a new lustre, that a bright color shone through her cheeks, and dimples played sweetly about her mouth.

"I have not touched the Immortal Fountain," said she, turning in surprise to the queen.

"True," replied the queen, "but its waters have been within your soul. Know that a pure heart and a clear conscience are the only immortal fountains of beauty.

Ever after the sisters lived happily together. It was the remark of every one, "How handsome Marion has grown! The ugly scowl has gone from her face, and the light of her eye is so

mild and pleasant, and her mouth looks so smiling and good-natured, that to my taste, I declare, she is as handsome as Rose."

— L. MARIA CHILD.

THE BLUE-BELL.

There is a story I have heard;
A poet learned it of a bird
And kept its music, every word.

About two thousand years ago
A little flower as white as snow
Swayed in the silence to and fro.

Day after day with longing eye
The floweret watched the narrow sky
And fleecy clouds that floated by.

And swiftly o'er its petals white,
There crept a blueness like the light
Of skies upon a summer night.

And in its chalice, I am told,
The bonny bell was formed to hold
A tiny star that gleamed like gold.

Now little people, sweet and true,
I find a lesson here for you
Writ in the floweret's bell of blue.

The patient child whose watchful eye
Strives after all things pure and high
Shall take their image by-and-by.

— SELECTED.

GENEROSITY.

Nelly was Carl's sister, and Carl was so fond of her that he used to spend a good share of his pin-money in buying things for her.

One day Carl looked into his bank and found there five ten-cent pieces. "Five times ten are fifty," said Carl. "See here, Nelly, I'm going to take it and buy you something nice. What shall it be?"

"Why don't you buy a new sled for yourself?" asked Nelly, for she was not a selfish girl.

"My old sled is good enough, and besides a sled costs more than half a dollar. Come, put on your things and we'll go and buy something."

They started out in high glee, but had not gone far when they met a little girl who looked so blue and pinched with the cold that Nelly's heart was touched immediately.

"See that poor girl," said she. "She's most frozen. O, it must be awful to be as cold as she looks! Can't we do something for her, Carl? Give her a part of your money."

"But if I do, how can I buy anything for you? I meant to buy you something nice."

"O, never mind me. Let's speak to the poor girl."

They felt a little awkward when they reached the girl, but Carl gained courage to say, "You look cold. Come home with us and get warm."

The girl looked surprised, as if she were unused to such kindness, but she accepted the invitation, and Nelly and Carl turned back home, forgetting entirely what had been their errand out.

As soon as they reached home, they sought their mother, and told her what they had done.

On questioning the girl, they found she belonged to a very poor family that was actually suffering from hunger and cold. Warm-hearted Nelly begged Carl to give the girl his five ten-cent pieces, and Carl was not backward in granting her request. Their mother interested herself in the family, and they were made comfortable the rest of the winter.

Will the boys and girls who read this story answer the following questions: —

When Carl and Nelly started out, for whom was the money to be spent?

What led them to change their minds?

Would they have been happier if the money had been spent for Nelly? Why?

What kind of children would you call Carl and Nellie?

Do you like to give away things of which you are very fond?

Do you think it generous to give away what you do not care to keep?

Do you like to give as well as to receive?

To whom should you give?

Ought you to call it generosity to give, hoping for a return?

Should you give to every one who asks?

Should you give more than you can afford?

BETH'S SACRIFICE.

Beth Elliot was sitting with her uncle Harold in the parlor. Uncle Harold was looking through the open window at the picture outside. Beth was listening to the song Miss Burtch was singing. After a little uncle Harold was called away, Miss Burtch stopped singing, and Beth walked through the long hall of the hotel and went out the back door.

As nothing very interesting met her view there, she was about to retrace her steps when she saw a young face looking wistfully at her from one of the laundry windows. It was the face of a little girl. Crossing over to the window, Beth said,—

"Don't you want to come out and play? It is lovely in the park."

"Oh, how I would love to go out, but I can't; I can't walk a step."

"Who stays with you?" Beth asked.

"Mamma stays with me; she washes, washes all day long — poor mamma!"

Beth remained a little longer talking to the

sick child, and then went in search of uncle Harold.

"There's a poor little girl in the laundry who can't walk a step, and her mother has to wash and iron all day. Will you carry her out into the park, uncle Harold?"

"What will become of her after she gets there?"

"I'll see to her," promised Beth.

And so, pretty soon, little Sarah was carried in uncle Harold's arms out into the park, where Beth had a great easy chair ready for her.

Beth fairly showered loving attention upon the invalid. Several days passed by, each one being a joy to the hitherto neglected child. At last a day came when Beth said to her uncle, —

"Do you think Sarah could ever be made to walk?"

"Yes, dear, I think she could. I have consulted a skillful physician who is staying here, and he feels sure that she can be cured."

"Oh, I am so glad! so glad! Why doesn't he cure her right away?" asked Beth, jumping up and down in her excitement.

"Not so fast, my dear. It takes money to employ skillful surgeons; and where is the money, Beth?"

Beth was troubled. Why did not uncle Harold use his money for the poor, sick girl? Beth did not know that her uncle was testing her own generosity.

Beth had no money just then, but she had some pretty clothes; could she give them? No; mother and father were across the ocean, and so she could not get their consent. But there were her pretty gold bracelets that cost fifty dollars. *Could* she give them?

"Oh, how pretty they are! The only jewelry I have, and uncle Harold gave them to me. But, oh, suppose I could not walk a step, and some other little girl would not give up her bracelets, so that a doctor could help me, how cruel she would be!"

Only a few minutes later Beth stood beside her uncle.

"Would you care, uncle Harold, if I should give you back these bracelets, so that you can exchange them for money to help poor Sarah?"

Uncle Harold was quite moved, knowing as

he did Beth's fondness for jewelry, and realizing the victory she had won.

He took the bracelets and put them away, marking them,—"For Beth, some future day," and then returned to her with fifty dollars.

Weeks passed by and when the summer merged into autumn, Sarah was cured.

— ERNEST GILMORE.

AN UNSELFISH SISTER.

Not long ago a railroad accident happened. A large bridge gave way just as a train loaded with passengers was passing over it. The cars filled with people went down, down upon the ice. They caught fire from the lamps and stoves, and no one can describe the horror and suffering that followed. It was a dreadful scene. Many were killed, and others who were crushed or burned lay moaning and shrieking with pain. It is not of this horrible accident I wish to tell you, but of one dear little girl who lay upon the ice, crushed under heavy timbers.

As some one went to help her, she said, "Never mind me, but help Johnnie. He's only four years old." She begged so hard, that her request was granted, and Johnnie was helped out and put in a place of safety. When the kind man who had saved Johnnie turned back to the little girl, he found that she had died.

What a very wonderful little girl was she to wish her brother to be saved first! How we should have loved her had we known her!

May we imitate her unselfish spirit!

REVERENCE.

The other day I was talking with an old gentleman about children and young people. He did not seem to have a very good opinion of children of the present day. He constantly compared them to children of his own time.

He said they might know more about different things, but their manners were not so good, by half, and if their manners were not good he did not believe their hearts were. He ended the conversation by saying, "Children have no bump of reverence in these days." I shall have to tell you what he meant. There are those who think they can tell what people are by feeling of the "bumps" on their heads. A certain bump means that a person is good in music, another means language, another affection, and another reverence.

This man thought children had no reverence bump nowadays.

"Why," said he, "just see how children treat their parents in these days. They speak in a loud and impatient tone to them; they interrupt them when talking; they contradict. When I

was a boy it was different. I never spoke to father or mother except in the most respectful words and voice. I never dreamed of finding fault with any directions they gave me, and as for interrupting them I should as soon have thought of interrupting a king or a queen. I very rarely spoke in my father's presence, unless to answer a question. I never thought of remaining seated when father or mother was standing. I had reverence in my heart for my parents and that led me to treat them better than any one else."

Still the old man continued: "Children of the present day have no respect or reverence for age. Why, I was coming up the street this noon, and a rude boy jostled against me and nearly pushed me over, and that, too, without a word of apology."

Now, although there are some children who treat all with respect, this old man had pretty good reason to complain. He was old and feeble, but for all that he knew what rudeness was, and when he was jeered at and jostled, it hurt his feelings as it would anybody's. His very feebleness and old age should have kept

any thought of disrespectful treatment out of the hearts of those younger than himself.

There are many other people whom you meet, who ought to be treated with the greatest respect and consideration. They are those who are wise, or who have become learned by hard study, or those who have done good, or who have been generous in giving their money for good causes, or who, in an honest way, have become very wealthy, or have obtained high positions, or who have been your teachers.

Never be rude to any one, but above all to such as I have named.

Besides persons, there are places and things for which you should have reverence. A church, whatever, or wherever it may be, demands of you decent and orderly conduct when you are in it.

For the same reason you should never injure or deface the outside of a church.

A monument erected to remind people of some great man, or of some great deed, should never be defaced. You should reverence the greatness of which the monument is supposed to remind you, and leave it untouched and

uninjured. Treat nothing lightly which you ought to reverence. See to it, children, that you are not lacking in a "bump" of reverence which you exercise toward all persons, places and things that are worthy of your highest respect.

ANNIE'S GRATITUDE.

When any one is kind to us, there ought to be in our hearts a feeling which will not allow us to forget the kindness. This is the feeling of gratitude.

When people do us a favor, however small, we should never forget to express our gratitude in words.

We should try to have this feeling always in our hearts, and then there would be little danger of our being accused of impoliteness because we have failed to acknowledge a favor in the proper way, or to return it when an opportunity came. Perhaps I can best make you understand what the feeling is by telling you a story that a good doctor told me. It is about a little girl whose brother was very ill. The people were poor and had no money to pay a doctor, and their little boy would have died had it not been for this good man who attended him without pay.

This boy's sister, whom we will call Annie, was very fond of her brother, and she loved the kind doctor because he had done so much for

Jimmie. She kept puzzling her little head to think of some way in which she could repay the doctor. She had thanked him again and again, but this did not satisfy her. She must *do* something for him.

She soon had an opportunity.

One day the rain came down in torrents. It rained and rained until the roads were like rivers, and all the streams were swollen. Annie saw the doctor drive by in the morning, and watched for him to come back, but it grew dark and he did not come.

About two miles away was a bridge and Annie's great fear was that the stream might be so high as to carry it off. She thought the doctor would certainly come back that way, and as she kept thinking, she grew more and more uneasy, until she could endure it no longer.

She went quietly into the kitchen, lighted the lantern and started out alone.

She fairly ran over the muddy road, in the pelting rain. When she reached the brook, she found, as she expected, that the bridge had been swept away by the flood. What could she do? The roaring of the water would drown the

noise of the doctor's wheels, should he come up on the other side. It would also drown her little voice, if she attempted to shout at him. It was very dark, but Annie cared neither for the darkness nor the rain. Her only thought was to save the doctor from going down the bank into the stream.

There was nothing to be done but to swing the lantern, in hopes the doctor would take it as a warning. Brave Annie stood there a whole hour in the rain and darkness, swinging the lantern. At last she heard what she thought must be a shout. She swung the lantern as fast as she dared, and then, a little nearer than before she heard faintly some one call out, "All right." Annie ran home, and the doctor turned back and went home another way. He learned the next day that it was Annie who had undoubtedly saved his life. Brave Annie! Grateful Annie!

THE LITTLE LOAF.

Once when there was a famine throughout the land, a rich man sent for the twenty poorest children in the town to come to his house and said to them, "In this basket there is a little loaf for each of you. Take it, and come back to me every day at the same hour, till better times come."

Eagerly did the hungry children fall upon the basket, and quarrelled and struggled for the bread, because each wished to have the best and the largest; at last they went away without having even thanked the good man.

But Gretchen, a poorly, but neatly dressed little maiden, remained standing modestly in the distance; then she took the smallest loaf which alone was left in the basket, gratefully kissed the rich gentleman's hand, and went quickly home.

Next day the children were just as ill-behaved, and the poor, timid Gretchen received this time a loaf which was scarcely half the size of the others. But when she came home and her sick mother cut the loaf open, many new silver

pieces of money fell rattling and shining out of it.

The mother was not a little alarmed, and said, "Take the money quickly back to the good man, for it certainly does not belong to us. Be quick, Gretchen! be quick!"

But when the little girl came to the rich man, and gave him her mother's message, he said kindly, "No, no, my child, it was no mistake. I had the silver pieces put into the smallest loaf to reward you. Remain always as peaceable, self-denying, and grateful as you are now. She who would rather take the smallest loaf than quarrel for the larger ones will obtain far richer blessings than even when money is baked into the loaf. Go home, now, and greet your good mother very kindly from me."

COURAGE.

Grace Darling was the daughter of a light-house keeper.

She could never remember the time when she had not been near the ocean, and she felt no more fear of it than you do of the land. When she was but a little child, her father often took her in his boat with him, and as she grew older she would sometimes row the boat while her father fished.

In this way she learned to manage a boat with great skill.

One night there was a terrible storm at sea, and the fog was so thick, the lamp in the light-house tower could hardly be seen. During the night a vessel was driven against the rocks and dashed in pieces. Many were drowned, but nine of the crew were left clinging to the wreck.

Grace had been anxious and troubled all night, and as soon as it was light she took a spy-glass and through it saw these poor creatures on the rocks.

"Oh, father," she cried, "there is a wreck on

the rocks, and some of the crew are still alive."

"Alas! poor souls, they haven't long to live," was the reply.

Grace urged her father to start out in his boat and try to rescue the poor creatures clinging to the spars and rocks.

"But," said he, "Grace, no boat could live in such a sea as that."

Still Grace urged, "Let me go with you, father, I can manage one oar."

And after much urging, she persuaded her father to launch his boat, and they were soon tossing among the waves. Often the little boat sank quite out of sight, but each time it rose again, and came nearer and nearer to the wreck.

At last the rocks were reached, and nine people, nearly dead with fright and cold, were helped into the little boat and brought safely to the light-house.

Of course, you who have never seen the sea, and have always lived in safe places on the land, can hardly realize how brave it was for Grace and her father to row out in this fearful storm. Grace knew it was at the risk of both lives, but

that did not hinder her a moment. The story of her brave deed soon spread all over the world, and now there are not many people who do not know and respect the name of Grace Darling.

We cannot all show our courage in the same way that Grace did, but we may in other ways, if we are not cowards. When battles are to be fought, brave men do not fear a cannon-ball, even when they know it will bring death. In time of accident, or sickness, brave people bear suffering without complaint.

Courage is needed in little things as well as in great. A boy or girl who is courageous will never give up a task because it is hard. It often takes courage to tell the truth. It takes courage to do right at all times. When denied, what we very much wish, it takes courage to bear the denial with patience. Whether we ever have an opportunity to do *great*, brave deeds or not, we can show our courage just as much by being brave in little things.

THE HUNTER AND THE WOOD-CUTTER.

A hunter was looking for the tracks of a lion, and he asked a wood-cutter whom he met, if he had seen any tracks of a lion, and if he knew where the lion was hid.

The wood-cutter replied:

"Oh, I can show you the lion himself." Then the hunter turned pale, and, with chattering teeth, he said:

"I only want to see his tracks; I don't want to see the lion."

This fable teaches that there are those who are brave with words, but not with deeds.

—ÆSOP.

WAS HE A COWARD?

A group of boys had stopped upon the sidewalk. To the left of them were extensive grounds, laid out in walks and thickly dotted with shrubbery. It was surrounded by an ornamental fence of iron and the boys stood just beside the wide gateway.

Three of them were richly clad, but the fourth was poorly dressed, and stood apart

from the others, his face flushed, his hands thrust into his pockets.

He was a sturdy, close-knit fellow, with mild blue eyes, and a resolute mouth. There had been a quarrel, and the three boys had taken sides against him.

"Ben Greenleaf, you are a coward," one of them said.

"Well, now, maybe not," he replied, his eyes sparkling.

"Why don't you prove that you are not?" was the retort.

"Dick called you by some ugly names."

"He will be sorry for it sometime," replied Ben.

"Is that a threat?" asked Dick, loftily.

"Knock his hat off," suggested one of Dick's companions.

"See if he'll stand it."

"Why don't you fight?" asked the third boy, glaring at Ben. "You shall have fair play. We are Dick's friends, but we'll not interfere."

"Oh! I wouldn't want you to," rejoined Dick. "I'm quite able to handle him. Will you fight?"

A faint pallor came into the sturdy boy's face. He compressed his lips, then said,

"No."

"You are afraid."

"You would get the worst of it, Dick."

"Oh my!" exclaimed Dick. "You don't want to hurt me,— eh? Well, now, that's considerate in you. I'll see what sort of stuff you're made of."

As he spoke he stepped forward and struck Ben a blow on the cheek with his open hand.

Ben Greenleaf's blood surged into his face, and his eyes snapped. He had a fierce struggle with himself, but it was of short duration.

"You have concluded to pocket the insult, eh?" Dick asked with a sneer.

"You're made of putty," said the second boy.

"You're a coward," declared the third.

"I am brave enough to walk away," Ben said, in a slow, hurt tone.

"Just listen!" cried Dick.

At that moment a young lady came from behind some lilac-bushes, and walked close to the iron fence. She had overhead and witnessed all. When Dick saw her the blood rushed to

his face. She was his teacher, and he knew how meanly he had acted.

"Greenleaf, come here," she said. "Wait, boys."

"Dick," Miss Webb asked, "your little sister Nelly was nearly drowned at Atlantic City last summer?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Who saved her?"

"Some boy, Miss Webb."

"You never learned his name?"

"No, ma'am."

"Was he a coward?"

"A coward! I should think not! It nearly cost him his life."

"It was a heroic act, Dick. The guests at the hotel made him a sum of money, and presented him with a medal. Master Greenleaf, have you the medal with you?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Show it."

"Oh! never mind, ma'am," he said, his face reddening.

"Show it," she insisted.

He produced the medal, his embarassment increasing.

"Miss Webb," asked Dick, with wide-open eyes, "is this the — the — boy who saved our Nelly?"

"Yes, Dick. Is he a coward?"

"No!" cried Dick.

"You said he was."

"I am the coward, and am heartily ashamed of myself, besides. Ben Greenleaf, I'm sorry I struck you."

Then turning to Miss Webb, he said:

"I have been taught a lesson. I have a better idea of what real bravery is."

"It seems we don't always know," remarked Miss Webb.

—FRANK E. STAUFFER.

COOL COURAGE.

Many a time, when danger seems great and loss of life unavoidable, the cool courage and good judgment of some one will avert the danger.

A case of this kind happened not long since in Lynn, Mass. Two boys, each about fourteen years of age, broke through the ice on Flax Pond, and found themselves struggling in the deepest part. The only person near was a boy named Elmer Duyer, who was thirteen years old.

Hearing the cries of the drowning lads, Elmer ran for help, and finding no one at hand, took a ladder from a neighboring yard and hastened back to the pond. The brave little fellow succeeded, after several heroic attempts, in placing the ladder on the treacherous ice and in crawling out over it to the boys.

He was able, in some way, to get the boys on the ladder, and thence to the shore, though a lad of very slight strength, and not of very good health.

But for the prompt assistance of little Elmer, the boys must have been drowned.

SELF-CONTROL.

Once, in a place not far away, there was an alarm of fire in a school-building. It was a large building, filled with little children. I cannot tell you about all the children, but only of a class of forty or fifty, in one of the rooms on the second floor.

When they heard the alarm they became very much excited. Some began to cry, others to scream and rush about, and others attempted to leave the room.

But the children had a brave and cool-headed teacher. She sprang to the door and locked it, and then in a loud, stern voice she ordered the children to take their seats and be quiet. She was obliged to speak in a loud tone, to make her voice heard above all the din and confusion, both in the room and out of it.

The children were so accustomed to obey her that they immediately took their seats and became quiet. Then, in a few words, she told them if they would trust and obey her, she would get them out of the building in safety.

She was as good as her word. When the hall

and stairway were cleared, she marshalled her children out like so many soldiers, and they reached the open air, and their own homes without the least harm.

In many other rooms in the building, both teachers and children were too badly frightened to know what to do, and in the excitement and rush to escape, many were trampled upon and badly injured.

Now the teacher had self-control or presence of mind. She did not get alarmed or excited, but kept "cool" and *thought* what was best to be done.

Not long ago a hotel in a large city was burned in the night. One man up in the fourth story was awakened by the cry of fire. In a moment he found there was no escape for him, except by the window.

He could not jump from such a height as that, as he would be dashed in pieces on the pavement below.

But in less time than it has taken to tell it, he decided to make a rope of his bed-clothes. He tore them into strips, tied them together, fastened one end securely to a heavy piece of

furniture, and slid down in perfect safety. Another man, at the next window, begged to have the rope thrown up to him, but it was not possible to throw it to so great a height, and he soon fell back, and perished in the flames. If he had had the presence of mind which the first man displayed, he might have saved his own life in the same manner.

You can understand by these two true stories that self-control, or presence of mind, is very necessary in time of danger. Many lives have been saved by it, and many lives have been lost for the lack of it.

There are many other ways in which self-control will serve you well. In fact, you cannot get on well at all without it. Some people are so quick and hot-headed, they allow their temper to flash out at the least cause.

Now, if such people had self-control they would keep their anger, at least, out of sight, and refrain from saying and doing things of which they are ashamed in cooler moments. Do not allow a bad temper to master you, but do you, rather, master the temper. When you do this, you will also be the master of a very troublesome little member, the tongue.

FIDELITY.

"I'm going to see the ball game. You better come with me, Arthur."

"I should like to see the ball-game, George, but we ought to go to school."

"O, let school go this time! We are most always there and Mr. A —— will never think of our being away without a good excuse. He trusts us."

Arthur hesitated a moment. He was a boy who liked to see what was going on. It would afford him great pleasure to see the game. Everything attracted him. There would be a band of music, and a crowd of people. The school-room seemed a pretty dull place when compared with the open air and sunshine, the music and the crowd, the playing and the cheering. But George's words, "He trusts us," kept ringing in his ears.

Finally he said, "I know Mr. A—— trusts us, and I shall give up seeing the game rather than give him reason to *distrust* me. Come, George, let's go to school." George was half inclined to go with Arthur, but he put down his better

thoughts and stayed behind. It proved as he had said. Mr. A —— considered him an honest boy and asked for no explanation of his absence. He had the pleasure of seeing the ball-game, and his teacher never knew the wrong he had done. Arthur lost the game and spent the time over his lessons. Which was the loser? You do not hesitate to pronounce George the loser, for he lost that which he should have highly prized, the right to a good opinion of himself.

When a person knows the right and still does the wrong, he is unfaithful to himself. George did wrong when he knew the right, and thus was unfaithful to himself. *You* are unfaithful to yourself when you know the right and do the wrong.

If you cannot trust yourself to do right, you must not expect others to trust you. You may escape being found out a few times, but not many.

When a person is known to be unfaithful once, he is apt to be suspected ever after, or certainly until he gives good proof of being faithful and trustworthy.

If a person deceives another, that is, if he

tries to make things seem different from what they really are, if he fails to keep a promise, or if he cheats another in any way, we say we do not believe in his fidelity, or we think he is not trustworthy.

There is nothing much better to be said of one than that he is faithful to his work, to his word, to his friends, to everything and everybody. A person who can be trusted in all things is the one most respected by all.

THE BUCKWHEAT.

I will tell you a story which the Sparrow told me, and the Sparrow heard it from an old Willow Tree which stood by a Buckwheat field, and still stands there.

On all the fields round about, corn was growing, not only rye and barley, but oats, which, when ripe, look like a number of little, yellow canary birds sitting upon a spray. The corn stood smiling, and the richer an ear was, the deeper did it bend in humility.

But there was also a field of Buckwheat, and this field was exactly opposite to the old Willow Tree. The Buckwheat did not bend at all, like the rest of the grain, but stood up proudly and stiffly.

"I'm as rich as any corn ear," said he. "Moreover I'm very much handsomer. My flowers are beautiful as the blossoms of the apple tree. It's quite a delight to look upon me and mine. Do you know anything more splendid than we are, you old Willow Tree?" And the Buckwheat spread itself out from mere vain glory.

Now a terrible storm came on. All the field flowers folded their leaves together, or bowed their little heads while the storm passed over them, but the Buckwheat stood erect in its pride.

"Bend your head like us," said the Flowers.

"I have not the slightest cause to do so," said the Buckwheat.

"Bend your head as we do," cried the various Crops. "The storm will beat you in halves before you can cry for mercy."

"Yes, but I won't bend," said the Buckwheat.

"Shut up your flowers, and bend your leaves," said the old Willow Tree.

"I shall just look straight up into heaven," answered the Buckwheat. And it did so in its pride and vainglory.

When the storm had passed by, the Flowers and the Crops stood in the still, pure air, quite refreshed by the rain; but the Buckwheat was burned coal-black by the lightning, and it was now like a dead weed upon the field.

And the old Willow Tree waved its branches in the wind, and great drops of water fell down

out of the green leaves, just as if the tree wept. And the Sparrows asked, "Why do you weep? Here, everything is so cheerful. See how the sun shines and the clouds sail on. Do you not breathe the scent of flowers and bushes? Why do you weep, Willow Tree?"

And the Willow Tree told them of the pride of the Buckwheat, of its vainglory and its sad punishment.

—HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

THE DISCONTENTED ROSE.

A wild rose opened her pink leaves one after another, one June morning, and smiled in wonder at seeing what a beautiful world she was in. She grew in a hedge-corner, on a low bush which had never before bloomed.

For a while, she was very well satisfied with peeping through the elm branches above her at the blue sky, with sometimes a glance at the sun, which always made her wink; or looking around her at the clover and clematis and buttercups.

A little bright-haired child came and laughed in her face, and then touched her leaves gently with his soft fingers.

"You are pretty! pretty!" he said. "No, you need not be afraid of me, I will not pick you. You are prettiest where you are."

But the rose looked longingly at the boy, as he ran about after a butterfly.

"Why can't I walk and run, too?" she said.

"I don't like to stay in one place all the time. I am tired of looking at the same things. I want to see what is on the other side of the hedge."

"Oh, dear!" said the child, "flowers don't walk. I never saw a tree nor a flower walk in my life. How funny it would be! You are just to keep still and look pretty."

A Bluebird flew into the tree, and sang a song so full of chirps, and trills, and twitters, that the Rose held her breath to listen.

"Why can't I fly?" she said to the bird. "Here I have to stay, while you can go and see all the beautiful things in the world."

"The beautiful things come to you," said the Bluebird. "The birds sing to you, and the children laugh, because you are sweet to them. The sun smiles all day at you, the wind waits to whisper to you, as he goes by, and all the dews and showers give you their kisses. Be sure that you are placed just where you ought to be."

But the rose was not contented. "I'm sure I could fly," she said, "if the stem did not hold me here so tight. Look at my leaves — they are as bright as the butterfly's wings. If I

only could get free, I know they would bear me up and carry me away — away off to see all the wonderful things in the great world on the other side of the hedge. How cruel, that I should be held down to that ugly brown earth!"

She fretted and sulked, never dreaming, poor little, silly thing, that her life came from the humble earth.

She strained and stretched in her efforts to free herself, so that at last her slender stem became weakened, and a puff of wind broke it off.

"Now I am free!" she cried. "Now see me fly!" She spread her leaves wide and waved them with all her might, but they were not wings. They could not bear her up into the sunny air, and she sank down upon the earth she had despised.

The sun beamed pityingly down upon her, and the wind would have helped, if it could, but they only wilted her now that she had left the bush which had given her all her sweetness.

The Bluebird looked sadly at her as she lay in the dust.

"Poor little thing!" he said. "If she had

only been contented where she was so well off!"

The child found her with her tender leaves faded and dying.

"It isn't pretty any longer!" and he flung it into the road where a wheel passed over it and crushed it.

—YOUTH'S COMPANION, June 11, 1885.

WHAT THE BIRDS SAID.

In the frozen ivy, where the ice hung glittering,
Forty little sparrows were perching, swinging, twittering;
In his gilded prison, like a palace for a fairy,
Singing his blithe heart out, was a pretty, tame canary.

But his song grew silent, as he watched the sparrows playing.
"Ah, you little free birds!" I could fancy he was saying,
"You can use your light wings, you can play together,
You are not afraid of cats, nor of the winter weather.

"I'd not mind the weather, if they'd but let me out,
Surely I could warm myself in flying all about;
All those lovely crumbs, too, that the people throw,—
Must I eat naught but bird-seed, I should like to know?"

Then a little sparrow hopped upon the sill;
"What a lucky fellow!" piped he, loud and shrill;
"Oh, my senses! Crinkle-toes, Feather-head, just look,
There's his dinner set for him as if he kept a cook!"

"Bless my heart! a bath tub, and some sugar, too!
No one thinks of building a house for me or you;
No, — they think they're very kind, if they but throw us crumbs,—
Well, some folks's pudding really seems all plums!"

Yellow-feather's mistress, in her haste, next day,
Left the cage-door open, and he got away;

Through the open window, joyfully, he flew,
"Now," he sang," "for once I've had a dream that's coming true!"

Ah, the cold was cruel, ah, the wind was fierce!
Through his pretty feathers, needles seemed to pierce,
Till, all tired out with flying, he hid his little head
In the frozen ivy-vine, whence soon he fell down —dead!

Little master Tommy set a trap that noon,
When he came from school, and caught three sparrows very soon;
"There," he said to Polly, "didn't I engage
That if you'd stop a-crying, I would fill the cage?"

Polly danced for pleasure; and forgot her tears;
Then the little sparrows, quaking with new fears,
Ruffling up their feathers in their tiny rage,
All at once discovered they were in the gilded cage.

Crinkle-toes, and Feather-head, and little Mr. Pert,
There they were in safety, not a feather hurt,
But the warm air stifled them, and the cage was small,
And they thought the bird-seed was not good at all

When the bright spring weather came, each pretty head
Drooped in such a piteous way that gentle Polly said;
"These are little wild-birds, and can't belong to me,
As my dear canary did, so I will set them free!"

Open flew the window, open flew the door,
Out the sparrows darted, and were seen no more;
But Polly has a fancy that they whistled as they went,
"Never grumble, darling! Always be content!"

— MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

Little "Herb Robert," what makes you so pink?
The elder is taller and whiter.
"The sun came along and what do you think?
It kissed me, and I grew brighter."

Grasshopper, why are you merry to-day!
"I always am glad, if you please, sir,
Because I can hop on the clover and hay,
Nor have to fly up on the trees, sir."

Sea-weed, poor creature, you're left high and dry,
The tide has gone out; you are dying!
"Ah, no, I am sure 'twill come back by-and-by,
I shall live, never fear; I'll keep trying."

Song sparrow, how can you sing all the day?
"Sweet food to my young I am bringing,
And when I am working for them this way,
Of course, I can never help singing."

Child, leave the hot, dusty roadside and come!
"I'd go, for I know that you love me;
But, please I rather stay here, near my home
For father's in there, just above me."

— WILLIAM BOYD ALLEN.

PATRIOTISM.

What place in all the world do you like best? I hear all the boys and girls eagerly answer, "Home," and certainly you are right, for home ought to be "the dearest spot on earth."

And next to home I am sure you like the place in which you live, or the one in which you were born. It is right for you to have this feeling, and if it is as strong in your heart as it ought to be, the place in which you live will seem to belong to you in a certain way, and you will work for its good in every way.

What can boys and girls do for the good of the place in which they live?

Why, the very youngest can keep from injuring building, fences, etc. Churches, schoolhouses and all other public buildings can be kept free from marks, or any other thing that disfigures them. If there is a public park, you need not trample down the grass any more than you would your own lawn.

When you are young, if you take pride in your own city, or village, by-and-by you will begin to think about your own State. Perhaps,

even now, you have a love for your own State, which you have for no other. It is natural that you should have this love, akin to that which you have for your mother. Love your own State, and when the time comes, do your part in making it the best State in the United States. You are even now doing your little part for the State, if you are working for the good of the city or village in which you live. If you love your own town and your own State, when you are old enough to know about this great country of America, you will surely love it. You can't help loving it.

You might as well try not to love your own father and mother, brothers and sisters. Even now you love the "Stars and Stripes." Why is it? Because it is the flag of your own country.

Why is it that men are willing and eager to go into battle and perhaps lose their lives there? It is because they love their country better than their own lives. I hope none of you, boys, will ever be called upon to show your love in this way; but if the time comes when it is necessary, surely none of you will stand back like cowards.

Love your country and be willing to die for it if necessary.

In time of peace, keep your patriotism warm and bright by celebrating those days set apart to remind you what it has cost to give you this great country.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

On January 17, 1706, in the then little town of Boston, a boy was born into the world who was destined to become one of the greatest men in America, and one of the founders of the American Republic.

"Little Ben" was born a subject of Queen Anne of England, and remained a subject of the English crown till he was seventy years old, when the thirteen colonies declared themselves free and independent.

Franklin was one of the framers and signers of the Declaration. Among the great figures which pass before us, of those who acted a distinguished part in the stirring scenes which gave birth to our nation, that of Benjamin Franklin, the tallow-chandler's son and the printer's apprentice, is conspicuous.

He was older than John Hancock, George Washington, John Adams, Patrick Henry, Thomas Jefferson or John Jay, but he labored among them, in laying the foundation of the republic, with all the vigor and moral enthusiasm of his young compatriots.

For fifty years, and almost to the end of his life, he was in the service of his country.

He lived in what was, indeed, a most eventful period of the world's history; and among its great and famous men, he himself occupied a most eminent position.

He gained that high place by the simple force of his character. In the best sense Franklin was a self-made man. His schooling did not go beyond two years. At ten he was employed to cut wicks, and do other small work in his father's shop. At twelve he became an apprentice in a printing office.

But he had a very active, inquiring mind. Books were his delight. He always had one in his hand, when he had a few moments' leisure. He bought books or borrowed them from his friends. He studied by himself arithmetic, geometry and navigation. He reached out everywhere for knowledge, and thus became a great and wise man.

— SELECTED.

THE STORY OF THE LIBERTY BELL.

It was the Fourth of July, 1776. Within the chamber of Liberty Hall sat the National Congress—the men who were to sign the Declaration of Independence, by which, as they knew full well, they were to put themselves before the world either as heroes of a revolution, or traitors of a rebellion.

About the doorway surged the people. Far up in the belfry sat the grave old bell-ringer, ready to ring out the glad tidings of liberty, when the Declaration should have been signed and sealed. At the door of the chamber sat the old bell-ringer's little grandson, waiting to receive the glad message and hasten with it to his grandfather.

Hour after hour, the old man sat upon the belfry steps, his hand upon the rope. Hour after hour the throng surged up and down the street, and against the very portal of the Hall, eager to hear what the conventions of America's wise men would do. It was not a question to be decided in a moment; for these wise men knew that upon their judgment now depended the fate of the people.

"Will they do it? *Dare* they do it?" asked the eager throng outside.

"We will do it," answered the grave men within.

"And I," said John Hancock, "will sign my name so large and free that England's king and all the world can read it."

The chamber door is opened. The little lad at the door is given the signal. Jumping up from the doorway, his eyes sparkling, and his yellow hair flying about the little face, he cried, "Ring, grandpa, ring! O, ring for liberty!" And there he stood, clapping his hands and shouting, "Ring! Ring!"

Grasping the iron tongue of the old bell, backward and forward he hurled it a hundred times, its loud voice proclaiming, "Liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof!"

The excited multitude in the streets responded with loud acclamations; and with cannon-peals, bonfires, and illuminations, the patriots testified their joy that night, in the quaint city of Pennsylvania.

—OUR FATHERLAND.

LIBERTY AND INDEPENDENCE.

There was tumult in the city,
In the quaint old Quaker town,
And the streets were rife with people
Pacing restless up and down,
People gathering at corners,
Where they whispered each to each,
And the sweat stood on their temples,
With the earnestness of speech.

As the bleak Atlantic currents
Lashed the wild Newfoundland shore,
So they beat against the State House,
So they surged against the door;
And the mingling of their voices
Made a harmony profound,
Till the quiet street of Chestnut
Was all turbulent with sound.

"Will they do it?" "Dare they do it?"
"Who is speaking?" "What's the news?"
"What of Adams?" "What of Sherman?"
"Oh! God grant they won't refuse;
"Make some way there!" "Let me nearer!"
"I am stifling!" "Stifle, then!"
"When a nation's life's at hazard,
We've no time think of men."

So they beat against the portal,
Man and woman, maid and child;
And the July sun, in heaven,
On the scene looked down and smiled.
The same sun that saw the Spartan
Shed his patriot blood in vain,
Now beheld the soul of freedom,
All unconquered rise again.

See, see, the dense crowd quivers
Through all its lengthy line,
As the boy beside the portal
Looks forth to give the sign;
With his little hand uplifted,
Breezes dallying with his hair,
Hark! with deep, clear intonation
Breaks his young voice on the air.

Hushed the people's swelling murmur,
List the boy's exulting cry!
"Ring," he shouts, "ring! grandpa,
Ring, oh, ring for Liberty!"
Quickly at the given signal
The old bellman lifts his hand;
Forth he sends the good news, making
Iron music through the land.

How they shouted! What rejoicing!
How the old bell shook the air,

Till the clang of freedom ruffled
The calmly gliding Delaware.
How the bonfires and the torches
Lighted up the night's repose,
And from flames, like fabled Phœnix,
Our glorious liberty arose.

That old bell now is silent,
And hushed its iron tongue;
But the spirit it awakened
Still lives forever young;
And when we greet the smiling sunlight
On the fourth of each July,
We will ne'er forget the bellman,
Who, betwixt the earth and sky,
Rang out our "Independence,"
Which, please God, *shall never die.*

—SELECTED.

"Wave, Starry Flag, on high!
Float in the sunny sky.
Stream o'er the stormy tide!
For every stripe of stainless hue,
And every star in the field of blue,
Ten thousand of the brave and true
Have laid them down and died."

A BELOVED COMMANDER.

During the Sikh war in 1846, was fought the bloody battle of Aliwal, when a staff officer was struck down by a fragment of shell, which shattered his right thigh and hip-joint in a very terrible manner. Some men of his troop, who were devotedly attached to him, carried him off on a stretcher to the rear, but on the way they encountered a sad sight — a poor private lying desperately wounded, and all untended on the ground. The poor fellow looked up piteously, and amid all his agony touched his cap as he recognized his officer on the stretcher.

Captain C——, immediately called his bearers to halt and to raise him slightly; then having found that the soldier's wounds were far less dangerous than his own, he gently said, "Lift me out and carry this poor fellow to the doctors; it is not too late for him, and I know they can do nothing for me."

"But, sir,"— remonstrated the men. "You may return for me if you choose," he said, with a slight smile. "I am not likely to have run away from here.

The men, almost in tears, did as they were desired, and having deposited the wounded trooper, they returned to their beloved officer, but he was not there; his body still lay facing the enemy, but the spirit had fled. Surely that wounded trooper would never forget so beloved a commanding officer.

WHAT A BOY MAY BECOME.

A good many years ago, an Irish boy left Belfast in the hope of finding his way across the ocean to New York.

Having reached Liverpool, an unfortunate thing happened. His little box containing all he had in the world, fell between the steamer and the pier, and nothing was recovered of his poor possessions.

He was a brave lad, but this loss was so overwhelming, that he could not keep back his tears; he was utterly without resources, and he was alone.

The voyage out was long and stormy; but at last New York was reached, and the friendless boy stepped on shore. This was the turning point of his life, for two different paths were open to him.

Would he be a good and brave boy, work hard, speak the truth, and live in hope of better days?

Or would he sink into an idle vagrant, or would he steal in order to supply his wants, even at the risk of finding himself a felon?

George Stuart chose the first mentioned path, the path of duty. He soon procured honest employment, he worked hard, he lived on scanty fare, he avoided drink and bad companions, until at last, he came to be known as a man to be trusted and respected by all.

When the terrible Civil War broke out, bringing with it, as war must always do, an untold amount of suffering, he joined what was called the "Christian Commission," the object of which was to help the poor soldiers in every possible way — to provide them with comforts while sick in hospital, to find them out on the field after the battle was over, to comfort the wounded and the dying, to listen to their message for the dear ones at home.

Of all the men who worked in this noble manner, George Stuart was one of the most active, unselfish and untiring.

We might narrate a great deal more of what was done by this good man during that awful crisis in the affairs of our country, but enough has been said to show what a boy may become, if in early life he wisely makes choice of the somewhat rough path of duty.

This boy was perhaps poorer and more friendless than any boy who may read this story, yet he became one of the best known and most highly esteemed citizens of the United States.

LUCY'S DELIGHT.

From morning till night, it was Lucy's delight
To chatter and talk without stopping;
There was not a day but she rattled away,
Like water forever a-dropping.

No matter at all, if the subject were small,
Or not worth the trouble of saying,
'Twas equal to her; she would talking prefer
To working, or reading, or playing.

While Lucy was young, had she bridled her tongue
With a little good sense and exertion,
Who knows but she might now have been our delight,
Instead of our jest and aversion?

—JANE TAYLOR

THE ROBIN AND THE TROUT.

A Fable.

A robin flew down to a river to drink,
But stopped, ere she sipped it, a moment to think,—
"If drinking a little can do so much good,
How fine I should feel if I lived in the flood!"
So she hopped in the stream to accomplish her wish,
But sank to the bottom and died among fish.
She scarcely had chirruped her odd fancy out,
When, looking before her, she spied a fine trout
Who was lying quite still, and heard the queer wish,—
So odd for a robin, but right for a fish.
Just then a fat insect had caught the trout's eye,
And up to the surface he flew for the fly.
"Delicious!" he cried. "If such things fill the air,
'Twere better, by far, to leave here, and live there!"
So hoping to feast upon many flies more,
He leaped from the water, and died on the shore.

Moral.

Be always contented; but if you aim higher,
Think twice lest you leap from the pan to the fire.
Remember, a little will often be good,
When more, if we take it, would poison our food.
And then, above all things, let nothing compel us,
To wish we were somebody else, or be jealous!

—Nathaniel Niles.

Do you ask what the birds say!
The sparrow, the dove,
The linnet, the thrush say
"I love! I love!"

In winter they're silent,
The wind is so strong;
What it says I don't know,
But it sings a loud song.

But green leaves and blossoms
And sunny, warm weather,
And singing and loving
All come back together.

And the lark is so brimful
Of gladness and love —
The green fields below him,
The blue sky above —

That he sings, and he sings,
And forever sings he,
"I love my love, and
My love loves me."

—SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

What so sweet as summer,
When the sky is blue,
And the sunbeam's arrows
Pierce the green earth through?

What so sweet as birds are,
Putting into trills
The perfume of the wild rose,
The murmur of the rills?

What so sweet as flowers,
Clovers, white and red,
Where the brown, bee-chemist
Finds his daily bread?

What so sweet as sun-showers,
When the big cloud passes,
And the fairy rainbow
Seems to touch the grasses?

Rain and song and flower,
When the summer's shine
Makes the green earth's beauty,
Seem a thing divine.

—MARY N. PRESCOTT.

GROWING.

What do you do in the ground, little seed,
Under the rain and the snow,
Hidden away from the bright blue sky,
And lost to the mad-cap sparrow's eye?
"Why, do you not know?
I grow!"

What do you do in the nest, little bird,
When the bough swings to and fro?
How do you pass the time away
From dawn to dusk of a summer day?
"What! do you not know?
I grow!"

What do you do in the pond, litttle fish,
With scales that glisten so?
In and out of the water grass,
Never at rest, I see you pass.
"Why, do you not know?
I grow!"

What do you do in the cradle, my boy,
With chubby cheek all aglow?
What do you do when your toys are put
Away, and your wise little eyes are shut?
"Ho! do you not know?
I grow!"

Always growing! by night or day
No idle moments we see
Whether at work or cheerful play,
Let us all be able to say
"In the goodness of God
We grow!"

—T. C. HARBAUGH.

GOOD-BY, SWEET DAY.

Good-by, sweet summer day,
A long good-by.
I sit and watch you go
Wrapped in your sunset glow;
I love you, love you so,
Why can't you stay?

Ah, such a dear, good day!
It should have held
No idleness or fret,
No bad thoughts to regret;
I wish it had not, yet
I fear to say.

—SUSAN COOLIDGE.

THE LAZY BOY.

Down from the hill came Tommy Drew,
Something to find that he could do:
"I'll be a sailor," said he at last;
But when he was sent to the top of the mast,
"I don't like this!" cried Tommy.

Home he returned, and thought he would stay
And work on a farm for a dollar a day;
But while he was raking, he met a snake;
It made him falter, it made him quake.
"I don't like this!" screamed Tommy.

He left the farm and made up his mind
A stable boy's place he'd try to find:
But an old horse doubled him up with a kick,
And sent him away from the stable quick.
"I don't like this!" howled Tommy.

"A wooden horse can't kick," thought he;
"A wood-sawyer's life is the life for me!"
But the saw went hard; he hadn't the knack;
And half of a log on his toe fell, whack!
"I don't like this!" groaned Tommy.

"A butcher I'll be, and cut up meat;
A good trade that, for people must eat."
But when with his cleaver he aimed a blow,
He hit the joint of his finger. Oh!
"I don't like this!" yelled Tommy.

'I'll get an organ, a monkey too,
And make my fortune," said Tommy Drew.
But he got a scratch on his lip one day,
And though the monkey was only in play,
"I don't like this!" whined Tommy.

"I'll get a gun, a sportsman I'll be!"
He spied a bird on the bough of a tree,
He lifted the gun, the trigger he drew;
It knocked him flat, and off the bird flew.
"I don't like this!" shrieked Tommy.

"A fisherman's life just meets my wish;
I'll go to the rocks by the sea, and fish."
He threw his line, but a breeze from the south
That blew the hook, made it catch in his mouth.
"I don't like this!" moaned Tommy.

He came to a place where the sun shone clear,
And down he lay on a haycock near;
And up he looked at the sky so blue,
With nothing to sigh for, and nothing to do.
"Ah, this I like!" yawned Tommy.

—JANE TAYLOR.

JEANNETTE AND JOE.

Two girls I know, Jeannette and Joe,
And one is always moping;
The other lassie, come what may,
Is ever bravely hoping.

Beauty of face, and girlish grace
Are theirs, for joy or sorrow;
Jeannette takes brightly every day,
And Joe dreads each to-morrow.

One early morn they watched the dawn,—
I saw them stand together;
Their whole day's sport, 'twas very plain
Depended on the weather.

'Twill storm!" cried Joe. Jeanette spoke low,
"Yes, but 'twill soon be over."
And as she spoke, the sudden shower
Came beating down the clover.

"I told you so," cried angry Joe;
"It always is a-raining!"
Then hid her face in dire despair,
Lamenting and complaining.

But sweet Jeannette, quite hopeful yet,
I tell it to her honor —
Looked up and waited till the sun
Came streaming in upon her.

The broken clouds sailed off in crowds
  Across a sea of glory.
Jeannette and Joe ran laughing in —
  Which ends my simple story.

Joy is divine. Come storm, come shine,
  The hopeful are the gladdest;
And doubt and dread, dear child, believe,
  Of all things are the saddest.

In morning's light, let youth be bright,
  Take in the sunshine tender;
Then, at the close, shall life's decline
  Be full of sunset splendor.

And you who fret, try, like Jeannette
  To shun all weak complaining;
And not like Joe, cry out too soon,
  "It always is a-raining!"

—SELECTED.



